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THE CATHEDRALS OF GREAT BRITAIN. } By Post, 6³/₄d.



THE QUEEN'S HOLIDAY ABROAD: ARRIVAL AT NICE ON MARCH 15.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Signor Cesare Cantù, the Italian historian, who died at Milan the other day, was also an historical novelist. His story called "Margherita Pustula" is said to have been written in an Austrian prison (in which as a young man he was confined for his liberal principles) "with a toothpick and soot." I have no reason for supposing it to have been otherwise than a respectable work, but these are just the sort of materials with which certain more recent novels may be supposed to have been written. A pen "dipped in gall" used formerly to be an expression thought severe, but pens are nowadays dipped in much nastier things. Some novelists, if we are to believe their own words, are in the habit of writing "with their heart's blood"; at all events, they protest that "their last book," which has somehow failed to obtain the same popularity as the others, has been written in that precious liquid. The nearest approach to this in actual fact was the juice of black cherries, with which felons used to indite their verses on the white walls of their cells in Newgate. If a collection of these were made (and why should there not be?—a sort of "Golden Treasury" edited by the prison chaplain) those of Mungo Campbell, who shot Lord Eglinton, would perhaps be thought the best—

Farewell, vain world! I've had enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou sayst of me:
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear;
My cares are past; my heart lies easy here;
What faults they find in me take care to shun,
And look at home—enough is to be done.

For my part, I don't think these "Notes" would be improved if I had to write them with squashed cherries and no pen. The handwriting, indeed (I hear someone saying), could not be much worse, but such a medium of expression would, I am sure, arrest the finer flow of thought. Even a bad pen—one that splutters is the worst—I have found to interfere with one's ordinary mood; the discovery on one occasion of the words "This is the Deuce!" with a very proper note of interrogation from the printer's reader, in a first proof, convinced me of this fact. He naturally could not conceive how such a statement had found its way into a moral and informing page; it was, of course, a mere reflection begotten of irritation, and mechanically committed to paper.

The most ancient mode of writing was, we are told, on bricks, tiles, and oyster-shells. The vulgar, indeed, still write upon walls, but nothing of an edifying kind. Inscriptions on trees are now done with a pocket-knife, and are generally only in the initial stage, but both bark and leaves formed the stationery of our forefathers. In the British Museum are several Bibles entirely composed of palm-leaves. In the Book of Job mention is made of writing on sheets of lead: this could not have been light literature, and its postage must have been ruinous. We read of self-made men in somewhat exceptional cases of poverty writing on shoulder-bones—not their own, as "smart" youths write on their shirt-cuffs; but on those of sheep—but these were the usual materials for the chroniclers of the Arabs, who afterwards hung them up with string—a sort of literary butcher's shop. The Romans used the stylus to write upon tablets overlaid with wax till it was forbidden by the law. They could not resist prodding one another with this dangerous instrument; and, indeed, certain schoolboys killed their master with it, who had probably attempted to teach them Greek. The disadvantage of most writing materials of old was that they necessitated the employment of a desk, a difficulty now removed by the "block" system, which can be used as easily in a recumbent position as any other.

Looking over many letters from my dear old friend Miss Mitford the other day, I came upon some interesting matters. The question whether "novels with a purpose" are to be recommended seems to have been as much debated forty years ago as in our own time. Here is her advice to a very young writer whose high spirits had given her, perhaps, a higher opinion of his humorous powers than they deserved: "Be yours the genial task of making people laugh without trying to do them any other good—that, indeed, being quite good enough for one man in his generation. I don't think there is a greater mistake than that of everybody taking it upon him to mend the world. It always ends in cant of some sort or other—cant religious, or cant of the poor against the rich." Then follows an attack upon the two persons who, in my judgment, were then doing better things for the world than any others; but I was only too glad to forget her prejudices in her preferences, which were at least equally strong. She was as matter-of-fact in some things as enthusiastic in others. At the risk of being thought "crabbed as a stern old father in a comedy," she steadily opposed my adoption of a literary career. "I believe," she wrote, "in the choice of relations and friends rather than in that of the individual, just as I have considerable faith in a *mariage de convenance* in preference to a love match, being the least romantic person that ever wrote plays." Again, "I do not believe that one man out of ten thousand takes his own chosen path in life, but the energetic man accepts the course offered to him, and shapes his fortune—ay, and his fame—in that. . . . Read in Balzac the story of a young provincial poet who goes to Paris to make his fortune by writing—written,

observe, in the stirring days of the French Press, when it had given Guizot and Thiers and a score of well-known names to the Chambers and the Government; written, too, by a man of the keenest observation, as true as Hogarth or as Crabbe."

Never, surely, was a young gentleman so held by the coat-tails (though I was scarcely *in* tails), and adjured not to try the quicksands of literature, as I was. But he who will go to Cupar must go to Cupar, and to Cupar I went. As a matter of fact, I have never regretted it, but it has since struck me that my would-be literary adviser did not take the best means for dissuading me. She called to her assistance persons who, of the same opinion as herself, had not the claim which she had upon my admiration and sympathy, and, indeed, were exceedingly antipathetic to me—folks who had made their fortunes after the manner of Mr. Smiles's heroes, with the manners, as it seemed to me, that they had begun with. They thought me, no doubt, a great nuisance, and took little pains to conceal their contempt for my literary pretensions. One of them wrote that if I accepted a certain singularly unattractive commercial position I should have "from five to ten o'clock every day to spend on poetical composition." He evidently could not, or would not take the trouble to understand me at all, and I did not feel grateful to my friend at Swallowfield for calling him into her councils. I mention the matter because I fancy it is what in some shape or another takes place in most cases where the choice of a profession for a (so to speak) jibbing young gentleman is involved. When affection has failed it is not likely that indifference and the airs of a patron will succeed. I take it, of course, for granted that the choice of the lad is very decided; not a mere preference for doing nothing, as in the case of a youth I know, who, being asked what he would like to be when he grew up, replied with filial piety, "Like dear Papa"—"dear Papa's" only pursuit being that of the fox.

After all, what causes the choice of a profession? As a general rule, there is no choice. The son goes into his father's office, or steps into the family living, as a matter of course. There is no other provision for him, and unless he has the misfortune to be a poet, or something abnormal and unpractical of that kind, he perceives pretty early that one of the first things to be secured is the means of subsistence. The boy who wants to go to sea is an exceptional character, and even more so now than he used to be. I have a suspicion that one reason for the popularity of that profession with him is that it requires less learning; and I fear that those spiritual doubts and difficulties which prevent him from taking to the Church sometimes have their foundation in the frequency of the preliminary "exams." My own withers are unwrung in this matter, for I found only the other day an ancient certificate from the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge which demonstrates that I was within what is now called "measurable distance" of the pulpit. So it could only have been conscientious scruples which caused me, as it were, to shy at the last moment and bolt in—as some would call it—an opposite direction. I had had "calls" in various directions before that, one of them a trumpet-call (a nomination to Woolwich Academy), but they were not very serious. Indeed, the strongest desire of my youth that I can remember was to become a merchant in precious stones in the neighbourhood of Bagdad, where there was no such disadvantage (including depreciation of the sequin) as clings to ordinary commercial life even in the East; but I got my views, it must be confessed, from "The Arabian Nights." They must have been early views, for I remember to have been at first disappointed with the work, which I had expected to be nights with a K, a continuation of my latest favourite, "The Seven Champions of Christendom." The advantage of the literary calling—if the call is genuine—is that it can be pursued under any circumstances, and stuck to with fidelity, while one pretends to be enraptured with a sniff of glory, or the charms of theology, or the technicalities of law. One little gleam of literary success, and we kick up our heels and spurn them all for ever.

In choosing a Speaker of the House of Commons the possession of personal dignity is of importance, but not that of mere thews and sinews. It is difficult for those who have seen one in his robes and wig to conceive him in that attire performing any athletic act. We have, perhaps, been fortunate enough to hear him administering reproof—the measured accents in which he tells some recalcitrant member that he fears he may be compelled to "name" him; but the idea of his having a rough-and-tumble with a Parliamentary opponent is shocking to contemplate. This has happened, however, in old times in Ireland. During certain political feuds the Irish Lord Chancellor, after a successful defence against an impeachment in the Commons, was going home late at night in his coach when, in a street near the Town Courts, his coachman tried to pass the equipage of the Speaker, one of his bitterest enemies. The latter, perceiving whose coach it was, called out to him to keep back. "The mandate was unheeded; whereupon, regardless of dirt and danger, the Speaker in his robes darted out of his carriage, seized the reins of the Chancellor's horses, and brought them on their

haunches. He then ordered his mace to be brought out, and thrust it at the coachman, swearing he would be run down by no man." The Chancellor, upon this, we are told, "wisely gave up the question of his precedence."

There is no record of the English House of Commons' mace being put to any such practical purpose, which, perhaps, caused Cromwell to call it a bauble; but it was once very nearly the cause of a conflict with the House of Lords. Sir Richard Onslow, the Speaker, refused to attend the Upper House without this formidable weapon, which the Usher of the Black Rod, backed by the Lord Chancellor, insisted should be left outside, like a wet umbrella. But in the end, as generally happens, the Speaker got his way and the Chancellor climbed down.

Nothing has surpassed the evasive yet dignified reply of the Speaker to Charles I. when that ill-advised monarch came to the House in person to arrest the five members, and asked if he saw the members, and if so to point them out. Even Sam Weller was not so ready when the little Judge wanted him to indicate his father for the purpose of committing him for contempt of court. "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me." One cannot, however, but suspect that there was a little of the pride that apes humility in this rejoinder, since, by his own request, over his grave was placed nothing but this inscription—*Vermis sum* (I am a worm).

If the House of Commons were able to call on an outsider, like the County Council, to preside over it, I think I should be a candidate. There is no harm in asking for anything, and if you don't ask you can't get it. Nature, too, has so far fitted me for the post by taking away, at all events for the present, the use of my legs. Speakers complain of having to sit so long, but I should have to sit in any case. Partial friends say I look extremely well in a wig, and the salary would suit me. From what I have seen advanced in the way of qualifications when any well remunerated post is vacant, I cannot but think I should have as good a chance as anybody else.

"We are nothing if we are not original," is an observation that does not apply to fiction. If originality were essential to merit, there would be very few stories to praise, and even, as some Transatlantic writers would persuade us, none at all, all the original material having been used up and nothing left but "remnants." Even good imitations are not common, and we ought to be thankful for them. Perhaps there has been no book of late years the lines of which have been so frequently copied by story-tellers as Mr. Stevenson's "Treasure Island." The subject of hidden treasure has been always popular with romance-writers, and probably always will be so. Given a good plot of this kind, and it would seem difficult for a narrator to go wrong; yet he often does so, and that most egregiously. The force of dullness is enormous, and transforms whatever it touches to its own likeness. Therefore I say when a writer takes the engrossing theme of another man, and not only forbears to spoil it in the telling, but invests it with a novel interest, he has deserved well of the idler and the invalid, and generally of that vast class who, not too critical, can nevertheless appreciate an exciting story, and are heartily glad to get it. Of this class of book it is invariably said by those who do not like such strong meat in the way of fighting and adventure that they are "boys' books." But to my mind that is no discredit to them. A boy who likes reading—an individual, by-the-bye, by no means so common as he used to be—is not a bad judge, in a rough way; nor is it any disgrace to an adult that he can still take interest in the bolder scenes of romance. These arguments seem to plead with especial force for the acceptance of "The Hispaniola Plate," a story which, had not Defoe and Stevenson preceded the author, would probably never have been written. It is a narrative, however, that has considerable "go" and vigour of its own, and has also really something separate about it, inasmuch as when it would appear to be finished it goes on again, and to a roaring tune, like a musical box that has one more melody in it than has been guaranteed by the vendor.

Stories of hidden treasure, as we have said, are always attractive, but not so universally the places where they are found. An old lady in Philadelphia has, if the newspapers' report be correct, hit upon one of the strangest substitutes for a bank of deposit that has yet been invented. Her relatives knew that she was rich and that she mistrusted investments; and consequently, on her demise, made a very particular investigation of her house and furniture. Nothing was found, however, till the body was being prepared for burial, when a porous plaster on the old lady's side was discovered, which did not lie as close to the skin as such articles usually do. Underneath it were such a number of Government bonds as amply satisfied expectation. This incident may almost be cited as one of the numerous cases where fact has plagiarised from fiction, for Douglas Jerrold's "Man Made of Money" is written on the same lines, and carries his wealth about him in similar layers. Whatever grief, and it does not appear to have been very keen, the old lady's relatives felt at her demise, that plaster must have greatly relieved it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN'S HOLIDAY ABROAD.

Her Majesty the Queen, leaving Windsor at half-past ten in the morning on Wednesday, March 13, travelled by special train to Portsmouth Dockyard, there embarked in the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, crossed the Channel to Cherbourg, reaching that port at six o'clock in the evening, slept on board the yacht, received next morning at the Arsenal an address of welcome from the French naval, military, and civil authorities; and left Cherbourg by special train at half-past ten, the railway route being that by way of Caen, Evreux, and Mantes, to the northern environs of Paris, around which the train passed to join the Lyons and Mediterranean line. On that line, stopping at Laroche about nine o'clock in the evening, the Queen dined, in company with her daughter Princess Henry of Battenberg and her granddaughter Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The royal party continued their journey through the night, sleeping in the train; breakfasted at Tarascon, and went on to Marseilles, Toulon, Cannes, and Nice. At Toulon the train stopped twenty minutes, while the Queen received an address with a bouquet, presented by the mayor and corporation of Hyères. Another halt was made at Cannes for a similar compliment by the municipality of that town; and the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, all staying at Cannes, met the Queen at the railway-station. Her Majesty arrived at Nice at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day—namely, Friday, March 15—not much fatigued. She was received at the railway-station by General Gebhart, Governor of Nice, M. Henry, Prefect of the Department of the Maritime Alps, the Mayor of Nice, and other French officials, with Prince Louis of Battenberg, Dr. Harris, the British Consul, and Mrs. Harris. A French military escort accompanied her Majesty's carriage through the streets, which were decorated, and on the road to Cimiez, where she entered her temporary residence, the Grand Hotel. The Dowager Duchess Alexandrina of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who is staying at Nice, met the Queen at Cimiez; and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who stays at the Villa Liserb, likewise met the Queen, who will not lack the society of several members of the royal family in her sojourn on the Riviera. The Prince of Wales came next day to lunch with the Queen, and visited her Majesty again on Monday, March 18. The children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg have been sent to join their mother and grandmother at Nice.

THE LATE DR. R. W. DALE.

The theological world lost on March 13 one of its greatest figures, and Nonconformity its chief leader. Dr. Robert William Dale, who had been suffering for some time from a complication of diseases which again and again had brought him very near to death, passed away in the sixty-sixth year of his life and the forty-second year of his ministry. Anyone who knew the famous Congregational scholar would feel the appropriateness of thus linking his ministry with his life, for the one was inseparable from the other, just as much as his name was bound up with the city where he worked and died. "Dale of Birmingham" he was always called; and in the roll of worthy citizens of that Midland metropolis this title will proudly stand for many a year. Born in London on Dec. 1, 1829, he spent the major portion of his busy life in Birmingham. He was educated for the Congregational ministry at Spring Hill College, where he came under the virile influence of John Angell James. When twenty-four years old he took his M.A. degree at the University of London, and became associated with his friend and teacher in the pastorate of Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham. He has testified in the memoir which he wrote of John Angell James to the kindly sympathy which existed between the older and younger man. He succeeded in 1859, on the death of Mr. James, to the sole pastorate, and has resisted every inducement to leave the Midland metropolis. He early set himself to infuse into the municipal life of Birmingham the Christian principles which he so eloquently expounded. In education he took a very lively interest, and was for some time Vice-Chairman of the School Board, whereof his daughter, Miss Gertrude Dale, is now a member. He bestowed much thought and time on the Royal Commission of 1886 on the Elementary Education Acts. Dr. Dale was essentially an educator, and his school was filled with men of all creeds. His pen was very busy, and gradually his high ability came to be acknowledged far beyond the limits of his own denomination. His work on the Atonement, which has been translated into various languages, has become a text-book in theological colleges without distinction of sect. His discourses on the Epistles to the Hebrews and to the Ephesians reached a far larger audience than those which originally listened spellbound to the preacher in Carr's Lane. Dr. Westcott, Dr. Benson, and other high dignitaries of the Church of England have paid special tribute to the searching light and scholarly penetration shown in Dr. Dale's contributions to Biblical literature. The Bishop of Winchester is a particular admirer of the lucid forcefulness of his writing, and one of his latest pastorals was headed with a quotation from Dr. Dale. Canon Gore, who, it is pleasant to remember, was the guest

of the great Nonconformist two years ago, has also warmly admitted his indebtedness to Dr. Dale. The titles of some of his other notable works are: "Weekday Sermons," "The Ten Commandments," "The Evangelical Revival," a useful story of a striking event, "Laws of Christ for Common Life," and a translation of "Reuss on the Theology of the Apostolic Age." He read very widely both prose and poetry, and especially enjoyed the little-known poems of Sarah Williams. His contributions to journals and magazines were in the early part of his career very numerous. Only recently Dr. Dale gave an interesting account of his work for the *Eclectic Review*, the *Patriot*, and the *British Quarterly*. He edited a monthly magazine, now defunct, entitled the *Congregationalist*, from 1872 to 1880, being then succeeded by his life-long friend the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers. He presided over the Congregational Union of England and Wales in 1868, gaining the increased affection and respect of the denomination. He eschewed the prefix "Reverend," and reluctantly accepted the degree of D.D. from Yale University (where he lectured in 1877), and LL.D. from Glasgow University. There was in Dr. Dale's speech a manly directness which appealed to the conscience; all his utterances were thoughtful, and not one sentence was spoken at random. Over young men he exercised a rare fascination, the secret of which was his belief in their great possibilities, his sense of justice, and the logic of his inferences. When Dr. Kennion was appointed to the see of Bath and Wells, Dr. Dale raised a kindly voice of protest against the prejudice which was being stirred up. He had



THE LATE ROBERT WILLIAM DALE, D.D., OF BIRMINGHAM.

met the Bishop when visiting the Colonies, and claimed him as a capable warm-hearted man. Lately the eminent preacher had been unable to fill his pulpit, except on rare occasions. One of his last and most prized addresses was delivered in appreciation of the Rev. George Barbour, who had been his assistant pastor. Birmingham—religious, political, social—mourns in Dr. Dale's death a man who was as good as he was great.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

The annual coursing contest at Altcar ended on March 15, as regards the Waterloo Cup, in a victory for Mr. Pilkington's Thoughtless Beauty. The result of the fifth round had been to leave Fortuna Favente and Thoughtless Beauty as competitors, and to the latter dog fell the prize. The winner is half-sister to Texture, who won the cup last year, and was bred by Messrs. Thompson, who sold her to Mr. Pilkington. In 1888 this gentleman won the Waterloo Cup with Burnaby, so that it is his second victory.

LADY WOLSELEY'S COSTUME BALL.

The great success of the Countess of Warwick's ball has been followed by the same result on similar lines in Dublin. Viscountess Wolseley enlivened the season by giving on March 14, in the hall of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, a most picturesque costume ball. The ladies were delightfully appraised after the examples set by portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Thomas Gainsborough, George Romney, and artists of that period. The gentlemen's attire, copied from pictures of the same date, was an effective illustration of what colour and charm we

have lost in man's ordinary evening dress of to-day. The Lord Lieutenant and a very brilliant company graced the proceedings, which gave great pleasure to all the guests of the charming hostess.

THE CATHEDRALS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SECOND SERIES.

Although our first series included the more majestic and most widely known of the English cathedrals, it made no attempt to exhaust the list. On the present occasion we bring before our readers the most ancient (probably) of all, St. David's, and certainly the least accessible, as well as the most modern, Truro, which is also the most remote. The peculiarity of St. David's Cathedral is that it is one of the few ecclesiastical buildings in this country where the struggle between Gothic and Romanesque is clearly traceable. Truro Cathedral, which was commenced just six centuries later, will in future times do credit to the nineteenth century, and to its architect, Mr. Pearson, A.R.A., who was well inspired in incorporating in his design a portion of the old Church of St. Mary, which dates from Henry the Seventh's time. St. Alban's Abbey, again, is almost wholly a new building, although in many parts the original design is still traceable—Abbot Paul of Caen and John de Cella having had to give way to Lord Grimthorpe, without whose munificence the whole fabric would have become a ruin. Wallingford's screen, with its elaborately carved woodwork and the monument to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester (to dine with whom was not to partake of a regal banquet), are the two most interesting relics of the old abbey, which in its palmy days must have vied with some of the most splendid cathedrals. Manchester, which was erected into a bishopric a little less than fifty years ago, found "t' owd church," an old collegiate building of the fifteenth century, ready for episcopal use; but considerable additions and alterations have since been made. Probably a similar fate awaits the Church of St. Nicholas at Liverpool; but as it only dates from the last century, and belongs consequently to the least interesting period of English architecture, any change in the present structure will be welcomed. Two of the cathedrals contained in the present series are of special beauty and interest—Norwich and Ripon. The former, which owes much to its situation, contains, perhaps, more distinctly than any other English cathedral the original Norman design, fixed upon by Bishop Herbert Losinga, towards the close of the eleventh century. The roof, the cloisters, and the two Gothic gateways—one built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, who fought at Agincourt—are among the most interesting features of this stately and elegant edifice. Ripon, on the other hand, owes its chief attraction to its massiveness and to the harmony which prevails throughout, although its building extended over more than two centuries. It is taken by architects as one of the finest examples of Early English work, and is remarkable for the great width of its nave. Much of the present building is due to the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who spent £40,000 in restoring, as far as possible, the original design; and in this connection it is interesting to compare the almost contemporary work of his brother Academician Mr. G. E. Street at Bristol, who, however, had not only to restore, but to re-erect the whole of the nave, which had been destroyed by fire some centuries ago.

Of St. Paul's, the great achievement of Sir Christopher Wren, round which his seventy or more churches clustered, it is scarcely needful to speak. Its splendid position, its magnificent proportions, and its unbounded capabilities of decoration, now in slow process of being satisfied, are too well known. Mr. Bodley's reredos—the subject of less artistic criticism than of legal dispute; Mr. Richmond's mosaics, and the Wellington monument, by Mr. Stevens, have been frequently before our readers in one form or another. Important as the additions of

recent years have been to our great metropolitan cathedral, much remains to be done to give it internally that distinction which the oldest Protestant cathedral in the richest capital of the world should display, and no better epitaph could be written on the nineteenth century than that "before its close it completed St. Paul's Cathedral."

LOSS OF A SPANISH WAR-SHIP.

Confirmation was received on March 19 of the loss of the Spanish cruiser *Reina Regente*, concerning which great anxiety had existed during the previous week. The *Alfonso XII.* reported at Cadiz that she had found the *Reina Regente* submerged at the Bajo Aceitunos, close to the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar. Not much more than a foot of her masts could be seen above the water. This news has cast a gloom over the whole of Spain, and we must tender our sincere sympathy to the nation that has just experienced so terrible a disaster, which recalls our own loss of the *Victoria*. Heavy storms have been prevailing along the Spanish coast, and the English steamer *Mayfair* reported that the *Reina Regente* did not seem to be in a condition to withstand the gale. She was proceeding from Tangier to Cadiz when the awful fatality occurred. The *Reina Regente* was built by Messrs. Thomson, at Clydebank, and launched in 1887. She was a sister ship of the *Alfonso XIII.* and *Lepanto*, which took the water respectively at Ferrol and Cartagena in 1891 and 1892. These vessels are the only fully deck-protected unarmoured cruisers in the Spanish fleet, and thus form a special type of medium power in the new navy. Her coal capacity was over 1000 tons. Her full complement was 430 officers and men.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It is no doubt true that Mr. Pinero has in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" selected a gloomy story and an almost tragic theme. He has become desperately in earnest. Against a dark and lurid background and amidst the roar of this impressive life-storm we see the pale, anxious face of Mrs. Patrick Campbell—a weird, lonely figure fighting desperately for the principles of a lifetime. I ask myself continually how it is that I like this play far better than any of its predecessors; why it appeals to me more directly and interests me far more than the previous problem plays. I think I can answer the question. It is that in this last play the victory is won after a tremendous struggle by love and religion. Mrs. Ebbsmith opposes both. She fights against them tooth and nail. She seems to put her back against the wall and scream. She is caught like a rat in a trap. But love and religion conquer, and Mrs. Ebbsmith owns up to her defeat.

It was not so with "The Profligate" as originally written, and it was not so with "The Second Mrs.

outset. She is the child of parents who disagree on the great questions of life, and so disagreeing, quarrel naturally like cat and dog. Her mother has taught her to read the Bible and pray; her father has taught her to scoff at religion and secularise her life. Her father has the stronger mind, and the daughter has inherited his defiant and determined disposition. Away go the Bible and the bedside prayer. The young girl follows her father's lead. She preaches, she lectures, she defies society, with which she is at war. She even defies love. She is a woman; she has somehow about her the instincts of her sex and maternity. But she will tear them out of her poor frail body. She will have no such degrading institution as marriage. She will have love without passion. Man and woman are to be loyal comrades, no more. All nature from the creation of the world has been all wrong, and Mrs. Ebbsmith was born to set it right. Poor Mrs. Ebbsmith! With what a subtlety of persuasion does Nature defeat her! Scarcely has she fulminated her first tirade about sex and the new life, when we see her standing up at the altar of an established church, prepared to marry a barrister in the orthodox fashion. She does not commit herself to a

frightened woman falls to the floor hugging the sacred volume, not because she is suddenly converted, but because she is not thoroughly convinced. I hear Socialists say that this scene is ridiculous and indefensible, because no woman with Mrs. Ebbsmith's pronounced views would rescue any Bible or defy her own principles. Why not? Have there never been death-bed repentances for Atheists and blasphemers? Have not the men and women who have shouted the loudest often sung the smallest when the crash came? It seems to me that this scene, instead of being preposterous and theatrical, is at once the strongest and most natural in the play, for throughout the play we see the woman fighting like a fury against the opposing forces of love and religion, and finally being compelled to lay down her arms. She does not commit suicide, like her predecessors. She yields up the man who might have comforted her, and goes home with the representatives of love and religion.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has done no finer thing in her brief career than this Mrs. Ebbsmith. It is not so much acting as thinking aloud. I doubt if anyone has seen any modern performance so completely natural as this.



THE SPANISH WAR-SHIP "REINA REGENTE," REPORTED LOST NEAR THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.

See "Our Illustrations."

Tanqueray." The lesson to be deduced from "The Profligate" was simply this: that for a man who in hot-headed selfish youth has ruined a woman there is no pardon on this earth. His only relief is suicide. His victim may forgive him. His wife may pardon the wickedness that has estranged them. Her hand may be on the lock of the door of the room in which he sits, sorrowing; and her lips may be yet framing the sweet words of forgiveness. But the outcast does not deserve a woman's pity or pardon. He is the accursed thing. For him there is only one end—the fatal laudanum-bottle and sorrow for everlasting.

Again, what is the lesson taught by "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"? Merely this: that for some women there is no pardon in this world or the next. They are the victims of a remorseless fate. No prayer and no repentance can save them. They have lived their lives. It has all gone against them. They look in their glasses and see crows' feet and grey hairs. Love has not been for them. Maternity has not been for them. What is the remedy? Merely suicide. Once more the laudanum-bottle and the arrogance of self-destruction.

But it is not so with Mrs. Ebbsmith. With her the struggle is even fiercer than with Dunstan Renshaw or Mrs. Tanqueray, the temptation more terrible, the brain more thoroughly on the rack; but the victory—how much greater and more sublime! Look at the woman at the

secular union in the spouting hall in Old Street, St. Luke's, or get married by jumping over a broomstick, but actually goes to church and stands up before the altar. Somehow or other that Bible, that religious training, and that mother have not been forgotten. The failure of Mrs. Ebbsmith's marriage makes her more furious than before. This defeat makes her more than ever her father's child. Before she defied society; now she screams at it. There are to be no more marriages. It is all to be free from love—mutual help, love without passion. She has made up her mind now for good and all, and will not go back. She has found her mate, a man she can mould, a man she can influence and sway. She is prouder, more arrogant, more egotistic, more defiant than ever. Poor Mrs. Ebbsmith! how little she knows that love and nature are stronger than all her fantastic theories! She is beaten at every point by love. She is in imminent danger of losing the man whose passion she would eradicate. Note how she gives in. She nestles up to him, she kisses him, she puts on gorgeous attire to fascinate him. Love and Mrs. Ebbsmith are having it out together, and Mrs. Ebbsmith is not getting the best of the contest. Then comes the scene with the Bible. With mad impulse she curses it as the fountain of all her evil, and flings it with impotent rage into the fire to burn and wither. But the religious impulses of Mrs. Ebbsmith are stronger than Mrs. Ebbsmith herself. Religion wins in that tussle, and the

As she sits gazing across the footlights with her earnest face we seem to read her very thoughts. What could be more admirable than her scornful and contemptuous attitude towards the Mephistophelian Duke, so inimitably acted by Mr. John Hare? Another actress would have been theatrical and stagey in her expression of contempt. Not so Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who mingles the very scorn of scorn with grace and courtesy. Whatever we may think of the play and its story, no one should miss it—gloomy and tragic as it may be—on account of the really magnificent performance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who, when she does not like a part, plays it to perfection. Some think that the last act is wholly unnecessary, but I for one would not give it up, because it would take from me the picture of that pale haunted face, that poor soul in despair. I shall never forget the pathos of the offer of the maimed hand in splints to the man she once loved. In fact the three performances of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and Mr. John Hare are noble contributions to art. Not a fault can be found with any of them. The grim and fierce fight with nature by the woman, the natural irresolution and wavering inconsistency of her lover, whose face and manner change with every gust of emotion, and the exquisite suavity, veiled sarcasm, and worldly indifference of the polished little Duke will be treasured among my most cherished memories of the English actor's art.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen arrived at Nice on Friday afternoon, March 15, having left Windsor on Wednesday morning, the 13th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg) and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The journey of the royal travellers is described on a preceding page. The Prince of Wales, who is staying at Cannes, frequently comes to visit the Queen at Nice.

The Empress Frederick of Germany, after the departure of the Queen from Windsor on March 13, came to London and took up her abode at Buckingham Palace, but has since been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, at Bagshot. She visited Aldershot Camp and Wellington College. Her Majesty has also visited Viscountess Downe, at Market Harborough, Earl and Countess Spencer, at Althorp, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon; and returns to Germany on March 23.

Earl Spencer has gone to Nice as Minister in attendance on the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of York visited St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, on March 15; and the Duchess of York next day presented the prizes to children at the schools of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick in Stamford Street, Blackfriars. The Duke of York presided at the annual dinner of that society. Their Royal Highnesses will visit Ireland this year.

The annual meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, held, under the presidency of Sir Albert Rollit, at the Hôtel Métropole on March 13, was joined by two Cabinet Ministers, the Right Hon. James Bryce, President of the Board of Trade, and the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, Postmaster-General, who spoke on matters connected with their official departments. At the dinner which followed, the United States Minister, the Hon. T. F. Bayard, Lord Ashbourne, and Lord Dunraven were among the guests.

The Labour Department of the Board of Trade reports that during the month of February, owing to the continued frost, the proportion of unemployed in the building trades was more than twice as great as in the corresponding time of last year. In the other trade unions the percentage of unemployed was 7.6, compared with 6.6 in February 1894. There was an improvement in the number of days worked at the collieries, a slight falling-off in the iron and steel manufacture, some improvement in the engineering and shipbuilding trades, decline in the furnishing and wood-working, improvement in the London printing and book-binding, an unsettled condition of the cotton manufacture, with further decline in weaving, fair activity in the woollen and worsted, but slackness in the hosiery, and improvement in the silk trade. The wholesale boot and shoe trade was giving full employment, in anticipation of the strike which has since been commenced.

This strike or lock-out (for the masters at Northampton had laid down seven propositions, according to the decision of an umpire, which the workmen were required to accept) began at the end of the week, on Saturday, March 16. The employers insist that for two years there shall be no advance or reduction of the minimum rate of wages, or of the payment for piecework, or alteration of the hours of labour; that every employer shall have full control over the management of his factory; to make such regulations as he deems necessary; to pay either the recognised day rate of wages, or the recognised price for piecework, as he chooses; and to introduce machinery at any time without notice; that the Union shall not interfere with the amount of work or the output; and that the employer shall have his work done in any town or place, with the sole right to determine what men he will employ. These are the demands of the Employers' or Masters' Federation, resisted by the National Operatives' Union, which has a fund of £63,000 in hand. It is said that the aggregate number of boot and shoe makers in the whole of the United Kingdom is nearly 200,000; but those concerned in this dispute are the workmen in the wholesale manufacture, 15,000 at Northampton, 7000 at Kettering and other Northamptonshire towns, about 6000 at Leeds, 20,000 at Leicester, and 5000 in East London, mostly Jews. The ordinary rate of wages amounts to thirty shillings a week. The Union will grant during this strike an allowance of one shilling and eightpence a day to full members, and tenpence a day to other workpeople. Very few women or youths are members of the Union. This contest is certainly not one provoked by existing distress, but one of class policy for the object of getting power. A large importation of American-manufactured boots and shoes is now to be expected.

An official return has been published showing that 705,000 persons are employed in coal-mining in the United Kingdom, and the output last year was over 188 million tons of coal.

The German Emperor has been presiding over a committee of the Prussian Council of State to examine the

project of Count Kanitz for the commercial protection of agriculturists in that country. It is a very extraordinary proposal, being nothing less than that the State alone should buy and sell all the imported foreign corn or grain flour, and meal, admitted for German consumption, and that the selling price should be fixed by an average of forty past years, while the profits should go to the Imperial Treasury, and reserve stocks of corn should be accumulated to be used in case of need, as in time of war or famine. His Majesty has openly expressed his disapprobation of this scheme.

The chief topic of political interest in Germany at present is the preparation of complimentary, honorific, and congratulatory visits, addresses, and gifts of all kinds, with ceremonial and monumental celebrations or attestations, for Prince Bismarck's eightieth birthday. An inscription on a bronze plate is to be affixed to the monument in the Teutoburger-Wald, that commemorates the defeat of the Romans by the ancient Germans under the leadership of Hermann, or Arminius; and strenuous efforts are being made to rouse patriotic spirit all over the German Empire.

A matrimonial engagement between the Duca d'Aosta, a Prince of the Italian royal family, nephew to the King and next but one to the throne, and Princess Hélène d'Orléans, daughter of the late Comte de Paris, has been arranged. The Duca d'Aosta had come to meet her at Chantilly, where she and her mother were visiting the Duc d'Aumale. The engagement was officially announced on Tuesday, March 19; the wedding will be at Turin.

The Spanish Ministry of Señor Sagasta has resigned, in consequence of the hesitation of the Minister of War to punish a band of unruly young officers of the Madrid garrison for breaking into two newspaper offices and

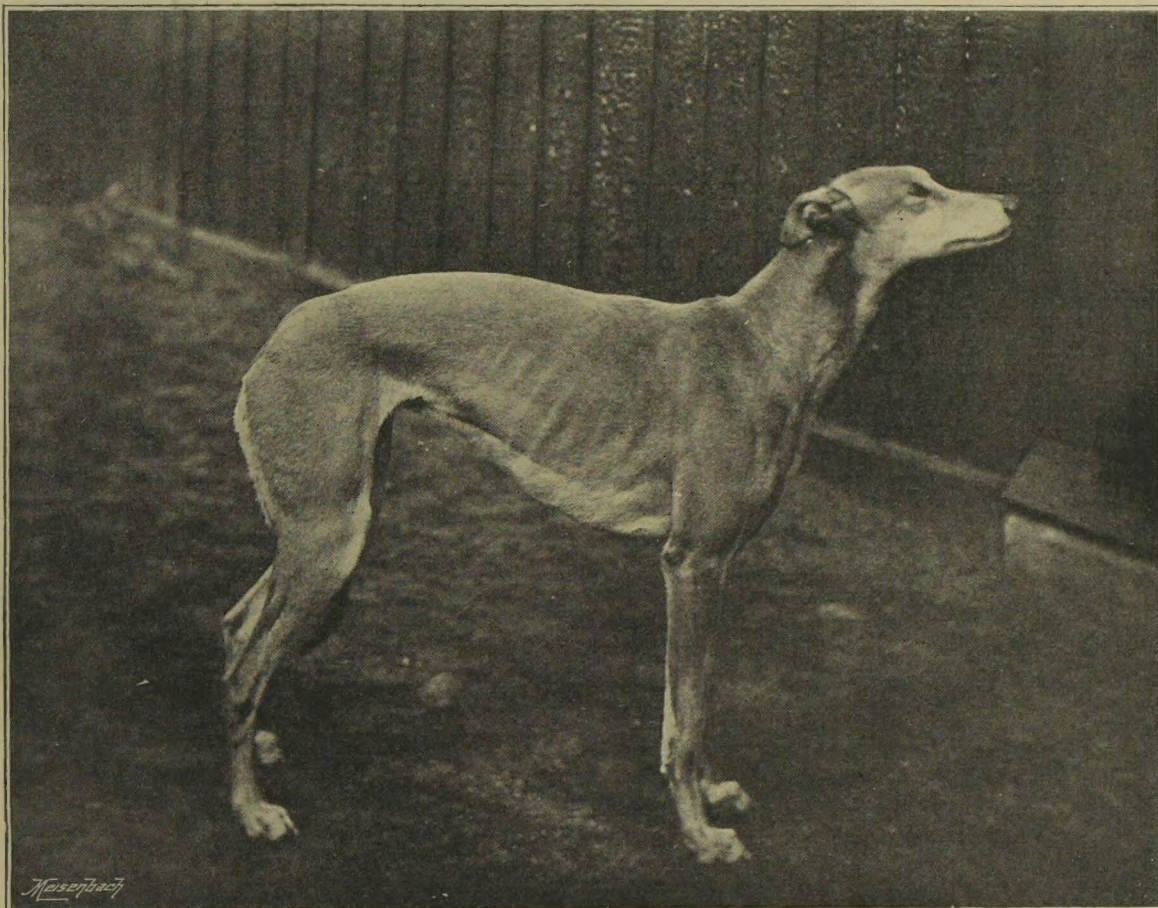
some additional fighting, on the northern frontier of Manchuria, and the whole store of provisions for the Chinese army in that province, sufficient for three months' consumption, has been seized by the Japanese.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has announced to the Governor of Newfoundland that Sir Herbert Murray will be sent over to inquire concerning the distress in that island, and to report on measures for its relief. A message has been sent also to Trinidad, expressing her Majesty's regret at the disastrous fire in the town of Port of Spain, which caused much destruction of property, but no loss of life. The Queen has likewise condoled with New South Wales upon the death of the Governor, Sir Robert Duff, whose funeral took place on March 17 at Sydney. Sir F. M. Darley has been sworn into office as Acting Governor.

The English cricket-players in the West Indies, of whom Mr. R. S. Lucas is captain, won a victory on March 19 over the colonial players of Demerara, by ten wickets.

PARLIAMENT.

An Irish Relief Bill is a chronic feature of imperial legislation. In introducing the inevitable measure, Mr. John Morley observed that recipients of outdoor relief would suffer no electoral disability. Mr. Bartley complained of this provision, because it raised a point which was actually under the consideration of the Committee on the Unemployed. The Chief Secretary replied that in Irish Relief Bills this precaution was always taken. He might have added that the Irish Government is always doing for Ireland what English Ministers declare to be impossible for the benefit of the poor in England; that is to say, acute distress in the sister island is met by the institution of public works, practically carried out at the cost of the State. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman introduced the Army Estimates, rejoicing in the fact that they fall short this year of the Estimates for the Navy. Sir Wilfrid Lawson took occasion to make a protest against the expenditure on the national armaments. He said it was inconsistent with Christianity. He was supported by Mr. A. C. Morton, who remarked that war was murder, and by Dr. Macgregor, who said soldiers were like "fighting cocks," liable to explode "like magazines." A handful of Radicals went with Sir Wilfrid Lawson into the division lobby. Mr. Cochrane moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the Convention by which the Swazis are handed over to the Transvaal. This arrangement was defended by Mr. Sydney Buxton on the ground that what little independence the Swazis still retained was amply protected by the Convention. They could not be disturbed either in their land or their tribal rights. Mr. Buxton believed that the Convention would be carried out without any coercion of the Swazis by the Boers. On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Colonel Howard Vincent moved a resolution calling on the Government to defend British industrial interests against foreign competition. Sir Henry Howorth and Mr. James Lowther made strong Protectionist speeches, and Mr. Bryce defended Free Trade, arguing that for the admitted depression of our industries, notably agriculture, Protection offered no remedy, as the depression was even more keenly felt in Protectionist countries. The President of the Board of Trade declared that no responsible Government would ever dream of meddling with the settled commercial policy of Great Britain for the sake either of Protection or "Fair Trade." Colonel Howard Vincent's resolution was negatived by a majority of seventy in a House of one hundred and forty members. The Shop Hours Bill was read a third time. On the question of Cyprus Sir William Harcourt reiterated his belief that the island was a worthless possession, a view which was corroborated by Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and supported by Mr. Gibson Bowles.



THOUGHTLESS BEAUTY, THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.

See "Our Illustrations."

perpetrating destructive outrages in revenge for the publication of articles censuring the discipline of the army. Marshal Martinez Campos has been requested to form a new Ministry. The Spanish navy has suffered a great loss, that of the *Reina Regente*, a very fine new steel-built ship of the first class of armed cruisers, with a crew of four hundred men; she left Tangier for Cadiz on March 10, and has been found sunk near Conil, between Trafalgar Bay and the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar; all lives were lost.

The Russian Imperial Navy is about to be strengthened by constructing two new ironclads, a cruiser, gun-boats and torpedo-boats, at the St. Petersburg dockyards, one or two new ironclads at Nicolaieff, and five or six new cruisers, with more gun-boats and torpedo craft.

Another escaped fugitive European captive of the Mahdi in the Soudan—namely, Slatin Bey, who was appointed in 1882 Governor of Darfour, under the rule of General Gordon, has safely reached Egypt, having got away from Omdurman, with two Arab guides, on Feb. 20, and made a perilous journey, riding a camel, by way of Metemmeh and Hannek and across the Nubian desert. Herr Slatin is a native of Vienna, brother of an Austrian Court official, and is about forty-five years of age. His adventures will be not less interesting than those of the missionary, Father Rossignoli.

A colliery explosion at the Karwin mines, in the Austrian part of Silesia, on March 16, caused the death of nearly sixty men.

The negotiations for peace between China and Japan may now be said to have fairly commenced. Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Envoy Plenipotentiary, has proceeded on his voyage to Japan, and has there, at Simonoseki, been met by the Prime Minister, Count Ito, and Viscount Mutsu, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. In the meantime the Japanese fleet has shown itself on the north coast of the island of Formosa. The Chinese have been repelled, with

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LADY WOLSELEY'S COSTUME BALL AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN.

From Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.



MISS E. PERRY, AS "A STUDY" (ROMNEY).



LORD WOLSELEY.



MISS SYBIL OLDFIELD, AS ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.



MISS ST. JOHN, AS LADY SKIPWORTH (REYNOLDS).



MRS. GREER, MISS LITTLE, AND MISS BERESFORD, AS LADY WARGRAVE, MISS CLOSE, AND LADY A. BINGHAM.



MRS. G. DE L. WILLIS, AS COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON (REYNOLDS).



THE MISSES CAMPBELL, AS COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND THE HON. MRS. ELLIOTT.



MISS E. BRAMSTON, AS MRS. ROBINSON (REYNOLDS).



MRS. WARD, AS THE HON. MRS. BERESFORD (ROMNEY).



EVE'S RANSOM

BY

GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

XXIII.

"You foresee the course of the narrative?"

"Better tell it in detail," muttered Hilliard.

"Why this severe tone? Do you anticipate something that will shock your moral sense? I didn't think you were so straitlaced."

"Do you mean to say——"

Hilliard was sitting upright; his voice began on a harsh tremor, and suddenly failed. The other gazed at him in humorous astonishment.

"What the devil do you mean? Even suppose—who made you a judge and a ruler? This is the most comical start I've known for a long time. I was going to tell you that I have made up my mind to marry the girl."

"I see—it's all right——"

"But do you really mean," said Narramore, "that anything else would have aroused your moral indignation?"

Hilliard burst into a violent fit of laughter. His pipe fell to the floor, and broke; whereupon he interrupted his strange merriment with a savage oath.

"It was a joke, then?" remarked his friend.

"Your monstrous dullness shows the state of your mind. This is what comes of getting entangled with women. You used to have a sense of humour."

"I'm afraid there's some truth in what you say, old boy. I've been conscious of queer symptoms lately—a disposition to take things with absurd seriousness, and an unwholesome bodily activity now and then."

"Go on with your tragic story. The girl asked you to find her a place——"

"I promised to think about it, but I couldn't hear of anything suitable. She had left her address with me, so at length I wrote her a line just saying I hadn't forgotten her. I got an answer on black-edged paper. Miss Madeley wrote to tell me that her father had recently died, and that she had found employment at Dudley; with thanks for my kindness—and so on. It was rather a nicely written letter, and after a day or two I wrote again. I heard nothing—hardly expected to; so in a fortnight's time I wrote once more. Significant, wasn't it? I'm not fond of writing letters, as you know. But I've written a good many since then. At last it came to another meeting. I went over to Dudley on purpose, and saw Miss Madeley on the Castle Hill. I had liked the look of her from the first, and I liked it still better now. By dint of persuasion, I made her tell me all about herself."

"Did she tell you the truth?"

"Why should you suppose she didn't?" replied Narramore with some emphasis. "You must look at this affair in a different light, Hilliard. A joke is a joke, but I've told you that the joking time has gone by. I can make allowance for you: you think I have been making a fool of myself, after all."

"The beginning was ominous."

"The beginning of our acquaintance? Yes, I know how it strikes you. But she came in that way because she had been trying for months——"

"Who was it that told her of you?"

"Oh, one of our girls, no doubt. I haven't asked her—never thought again about it."

"And what's her record?"

"Nothing dramatic in it, I'm glad to say. At one time she had an engagement in London for a year or two. Her people, 'poor but honest'—as the stories put it. Father was a timekeeper at Dudley; brother, a mechanic there. I was over to see her yesterday; we had only just said good-bye when I met you. She's remarkably well educated, all things considered: very fond of reading; knows as much of books as I do—more, I daresay. First-rate intelligence;

I guessed that from the first. I can see the drawbacks, of course. As I said, she isn't what *you* would call a lady; but there's nothing much to find fault with even in her manners. And the long and the short of it is, I'm in love with her."

"And she has promised to marry you?"

"Well, not in so many words. She seems to have scruples—difference of position, and that kind of thing."

"Very reasonable scruples, no doubt."

"Quite right that she should think of it in that way, at all events. But I believe it was practically settled yesterday. She isn't in very brilliant health, poor girl! I want to get her away from that beastly place as soon as possible. I shall give myself a longish holiday, and take her to the

Continent. A thorough change of that kind would set her up wonderfully."

"She has never been on the Continent?"

"What a preposterous question! You're going to sleep, sitting here in the dark. Oh, don't trouble to light up for me; I can't stay much longer."

Hilliard had risen, but instead of lighting the lamp he turned to the window and stood there drumming with his fingers on a pane.

"Are you seriously concerned for me?" said his friend.

"Does it seem a piece of madness?"

"You must judge for yourself, Narramore."

"When you have seen her I think you'll take my view. Of course it's the very last thing I ever imagined



Hilliard burst into a violent fit of laughter. His pipe fell to the floor and broke; whereupon he interrupted his strange merriment with a savage oath.

myself doing; but I begin to see that the talk about fate isn't altogether humbug. I want this girl for my wife, and I never met anyone else whom I really *did* want. She suits me exactly. It isn't as if I thought of marrying an ordinary, ignorant, low-class girl. Eve—that's her name—is very much out of the common, look at her how you may. She's rather melancholy, but that's a natural result of her life."

"No doubt, as you say, she wants a thorough change," remarked Hilliard, smiling in the gloom.

"That's it. Her nerves are out of order. Well, I thought I should like to tell you this, old chap. You'll get over the shock in time. I more than half believe, still, that your moral indignation was genuine. And why not? I ought to respect you for it."

"Are you going?"

"I must be in Bristol Road by five—promised to drink a cup of Mrs. Stocker's tea this afternoon. I'm glad now that I have kept up a few homely acquaintances; they may be useful. Of course I shall throw over the Birchings and that lot. You see now why my thoughts have been running on a country house!"

He went off laughing, and his friend sat down again by the fireside.

Half an hour passed. The fire had burnt low, and the room was quite dark. At length Hilliard bestirred himself. He lit the lamp, drew down the blind, and seated himself at the table to write. With great rapidity he covered four sides of note-paper, and addressed an envelope. But he had no postage-stamp. It could be obtained at a tobacconist's.

So he went out, and turned towards a little shop hard by. But when he had stamped the letter he felt undecided about posting it. Eve had promised to come to-morrow, with Patty. If she again failed him it would be time enough to write. If she kept her promise the presence of a third person would be an intolerable restraint upon him. Yet why? Patty might as well know all, and act as judge between them. There needed little sagacity to arbitrate in a matter such as this.

To sit at home was impossible. He walked for the sake of walking, straight on, without object. Down the long gas-lit perspective of Bradford Street, with its closed, silent workshops; across the miserable little river Rea—canal rather than river, sewer rather than canal; up the steep ascent to St. Martin's and the Bull Ring, and the bronze Nelson, dripping with dirty moisture; between the big buildings of New Street, and so to the centre of the town. At the corner by the Post Office he stood in idle contemplation. Rain was still falling, but lightly. The great open space gleamed with shafts of yellow radiance reflected on wet asphalt from the numerous lamps. There was little traffic. An omnibus clattered by, and a tottery cab, both looking rain-soaked. Near the statue of Peel stood a hansom, the forlorn horse crooking his knees and hanging his hopeless head. The Town Hall colonnade sheltered a crowd of people, who were waiting for the rain to stop, that they might spend their Sunday evening, as usual, in rambling about the streets. Within the building, which showed light through all its long windows, a religious meeting was in progress; and hundreds of voices peeled forth a rousing hymn, fortified with deeper organ-note.

Hilliard noticed that as rain-drops fell on the heated globes of the street-lamps they were thrown off again in little jets and puffs of steam. This phenomenon amused him for several minutes. He wondered that he had never observed it before.

Easter Sunday. The day had its importance for a Christian mind. Did Eve think about that? Perhaps her association with him, careless as he was in all such matters, had helped to blunt her religious feeling. Yet what hope was there, in such a world as this, that she would retain the pieties of her girlhood?

Easter Sunday. As he walked on, he pondered the Christian story, and tried to make something of it. Had it any significance for *him*? Perhaps, for he had never consciously discarded the old faith; he had simply let it fall out of his mind. But a woman ought to have religious convictions. Yes; he saw the necessity of that. Better for him if Eve were in the Town Hall yonder, joining her voice with those that sang.

Better for *him*. A selfish point of view. But the advantage would be hers also. Did he not desire her happiness? He tried to think so, but after all was ashamed to play the sophist with himself. The letter he carried in his pocket told the truth. He had but to think of her as married to Robert Narramore and the jealous fury of natural man drove him headlong.

Monday came; it was again a holiday. When would the cursed people get back to their toil, and let the world resume its wonted grind and clang? They seemed to have been making holiday for a month past.

Awaiting his visitors, he walked up and down on the pavement near the door, until at the street corner there appeared a figure he knew. It was Patty Ringrose, again unaccompanied.

XXIV.

They shook hands without a word, their eyes meeting for an instant only. Hilliard led the way upstairs; and Patty, still keeping an embarrassed silence, sat down on the easy-chair. Her complexion was as noticeably fresh as Hilliard's

was wan and fatigued. Where Patty's skin showed a dimple, his bore a gash, the result of an accident in shaving this morning.

With hands behind him he stood facing the girl.

"She chose not to come, then?"

"Yes. She asked me to come and see you alone."

"No pretence of headache this time."

"I don't think it was a pretence," faltered Patty, who looked very ill at ease, for all the bloom on her cheeks and the clear, childish light in her eyes.

"Well, then, why hasn't she come to-day?"

"She has sent a letter for you, Mr. Hilliard."

Patty handed the missive, and Hilliard laid it upon the table.

"Am I to read it now?"

"I think it's a long letter."

"Feels like it. I'll study it at my leisure. You know what it contains?"

Patty nodded, her face turned away.

"And why has she chosen to-day to write to me?"

Patty kept silence. "Anything to do with the call I had yesterday from my friend Narramore?"

"Yes—that's the reason. But she has meant to let you know for some time."

Hilliard drew a long breath. He fixed his eyes on the letter.

"She has told me everything," the girl continued, speaking hurriedly. "Did you know about it before yesterday?"

"I'm not so good an actor as all that. Eve has the advantage of me in that respect. She really thought it possible that Narramore had spoken before?"

"She couldn't be sure."

"H'm! Then she didn't know for certain that Narramore was going to talk to me about her yesterday?"

"She knew it *must* come."

"Patty, our friend Miss Madeley is a very remarkable person—don't you think so?"

"You mustn't think she made a plan to deceive you. She tells you all about it in the letter, and I'm quite sure it's all true, Mr. Hilliard. I was astonished when I heard of it, and I can't tell you how sorry I feel—"

"I'm not at all sure that there's any cause for sorrow," Hilliard interrupted, drawing up a chair and throwing himself upon it. "Unless you mean that you are sorry for Eve."

"I meant that as well."

"Let us understand each other. How much has she told you?"

"Everything, from beginning to end. I had no idea of what happened in London before we went to Paris. And she does so repent of it! She doesn't know how she could do it. She wishes you had refused her."

"So do I."

"But you saved her—she can never forget that. You mustn't think that she only pretends to be grateful. She will be grateful to you as long as she lives. I know she will."

"On condition that I—what?"

Patty gave him a bewildered look.

"What does she ask of me now?"

"She's ashamed to ask anything. She fears you will not speak to her again."

Hilliard meditated, then glanced at the letter.

"I had better read this now, I think, if you will let me."

"Yes—please do—"

He tore open the envelope, and disclosed two sheets of note-paper, covered with writing. For several minutes there was silence; Patty now and then gave a furtive glance at her companion's face as he was reading. At length he put the letter down again, softly.

"There's something more here than I expected. Can you tell me whether she heard from Narramore this morning?"

"She has had no letter."

"I see. And what does she suppose passed between Narramore and me yesterday?"

"She is wondering what you told him."

"She takes it for granted, in this letter, that I have put an end to everything between them. Well, hadn't I a right to do so?"

"Of course you had," Patty replied, with emphasis. "And she knew it must come. She never really thought that she could marry Mr. Narramore. She gave him no promise."

"Only corresponded with him, and made appointments with him, and allowed him to feel sure that she would be his wife."

"Eve has behaved very strangely. I can't understand her. She ought to have told you that she had been to see him, and that he wrote to her. It's always best to be straightforward. See what trouble she has got herself into!"

Hilliard took up the letter again, and again there was a long silence.

"Have you said good-bye to her?" were his next words.

"She's going to meet me at the station to see me off."

"Did she come from Dudley with you?"

"No."

"It's all very well to make use of you for this disagreeable business—"

"Oh, I didn't mind it!" broke in Patty, with irrelevant cheerfulness.

"A woman who does such things as this should have the courage to go through with it. She ought to have come herself, and have told me that. She was aiming at much better things than I could have promised her. There would have been something to admire in that. The worst of it is she is making me feel ashamed of her. I'd rather have to do with a woman who didn't care a rap for my feelings than with a weak one, who tried to spare me to advantage herself at the same time. There's nothing like courage, whether in good or evil—what do you think? Does she like Narramore?"

"I think she does," faltered Patty, nervously stroking her dress.

"Is she in love with him?"

"I—I really don't know!"

"Do you think she ever was in love with anyone, or ever will be?"

Patty sat mute.

"Just tell me what you think."

"I'm afraid she never—Oh, I don't like to say it, Mr. Hilliard!"

"That she never was in love with *me*? I know it."

His tone caused Patty to look up at him, and what she saw in his face made her say quickly:

"I am so sorry; I am indeed! You deserve—"

"Never mind what I deserve," Hilliard interrupted with a grim smile. "Something less than hanging, I hope. That fellow in London; she was fond of *him*?"

The girl whispered an assent.

"A pity I interfered."

"Oh! But think what—"

"We won't discuss it, Patty. It's a horrible thing to be mad about a girl who cares no more for you than for an old glove; but it's a fool's part to try to win her by the way of gratitude. When we came back from Paris I ought to have gone my way, and left her to go hers. Perhaps—it's just possible—if I had seemed to think no more of her—"

Patty waited, but he did not finish his speech.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Hilliard?"

"Yes, that's the question. Shall I hold her to her promise? She says here that she will keep her word if I demand it."

"She says that!" Patty exclaimed, with startled eyes.

"Didn't you know?"

"She told me it was impossible. But perhaps she didn't mean it. Who can tell *what* she means?"

For the first time there sounded a petulance in the girl's voice. Her lips closed tightly, and she tapped with her foot on the floor.

"Did she say that the other thing was also impossible—to marry Narramore?"

"She thinks it is, after what you've told him."

"Well, now," said Hilliard, "as a matter of fact I told him nothing."

Patty stared, a new light in her eyes.

"You told him—nothing?"

"I just let him suppose that I had never heard the girl's name before."

"Oh, how kind of you! How—"

"Please to remember that it wasn't very easy to tell the truth. What sort of figure should I have made?"

"It's too bad of Eve! It's cruel! I can never like her as I did before."

"Oh, she's very interesting. She gives one such a lot to talk about."

"I don't like her, and I shall tell her so before I leave Birmingham. What right has she to make people so miserable?"

"Only one, after all."

"Do you mean that you will let her marry Mr. Narramore?" Patty asked with interest.

"We shall have to talk about that."

"If I were you I should never see her again!"

"The probability is that we shall see each other many a time."

"Then *you* haven't much courage, Mr. Hilliard!" exclaimed the girl, with a flush on her cheeks.

"More than you think, perhaps," he answered between his teeth.

"Men are very strange," Patty commented in a low voice of scorn, mitigated by timidity.

"Yes, we play queer pranks when women have made slaves of us. I suppose you think I should have too much pride to care any more for her. The truth is that for years to come I shall tremble all through whenever she is near me. Such love as I have felt for Eve won't be trampled out like a spark. It's the best and the worst part of my life. No woman can ever be to me what Eve is."

Abashed by the grave force of this utterance, Patty shrank back into the chair, and held her peace.

"You will very soon know what comes of it all," Hilliard continued, with a sudden change of voice. "It has to be decided pretty quickly, one way or another."

"May I tell Eve what you have said to me?" the girl asked with diffidence.

"Yes, anything that I have said."

Patty lingered a little, then, as her companion said no more, she rose.

"I must say good-bye, Mr. Hilliard."

"I am afraid your holiday hasn't been as pleasant as you expected."

"Oh, I have enjoyed myself very much. And I hope"—her voice wavered—"I do hope it'll be all right. I'm sure you'll do what seems best."

"I shall do what I find myself obliged to, Patty. Good-bye. I won't offer to go with you, for I should be poor company."

He conducted her to the foot of the stairs, again shook hands with her, put all his goodwill into a smile, and watched her walk away with a step not so light as usual. Then he returned to Eve's letter. It gave him a detailed account of her relations with Narramore. "I went to him because I couldn't bear to live idle any longer; I had no other thought in my mind. If he had been the means of my finding work, I should have confessed it to you at once. But I was tempted into answering his letters. . . . I knew I was behaving wrongly; I can't defend myself. . . . I have never concealed my faults from you—the greatest of them is my fear of poverty. I believe it is this that has prevented me from returning your love as I wished to do. For a long time I have been playing a deceitful part, and the strange thing is that I *knew* my exposure might come at any moment. I seem to have been led on by a sort of despair. Now I am tired of it; whether you were prepared for this or not, I must tell you. . . . I don't ask you to release me. I have been wronging you and acting against my conscience, and if you can forgive me I will try to make up for the ill I have done. . . ."

How much of this could he believe? Gladly he would have fooled himself into believing it all, but the rational soul in him cast out credulity. Every phrase of the letter was calculated for its impression. And the very risk she had run, was not that too a matter of deliberate speculation? She *might* succeed in her design upon Narramore; if she failed, the poorer man was still to be counted upon, for she knew the extent of her power over him. It was worth the endeavour. Perhaps, in her insolent self-confidence, she did not fear the effect on Narramore of the disclosure that might be made to him. And who could say that her boldness was not likely to be justified?

He burned with wrath against her, the wrath of a hopelessly infatuated man. Thoughts of revenge, no matter how ignoble, harassed his mind. She counted on his slavish spirit, and even in saying that she did not ask him to release her, she saw herself already released. At each repusal of her letter he felt more resolved to disappoint the hope that inspired it. When she learnt from Patty that Narramore was still ignorant of her history, how would she exult! But that joy should be brief. In the name of common honesty he would protect his friend. If Narramore chose to take her with his eyes open—

Jealous frenzy kept him pacing the room for an hour or two. Then he went forth and haunted the neighbourhood of New Street Station until within five minutes of the time of departure of Patty's train. If Eve kept her promise to see the girl off, he might surprise her upon the platform.

From the bridge crossing the lines he surveyed the crowd of people that waited by the London train, a bank-holiday train taking back a freight of excursionists. There amid he discovered Eve, noted her position, descended to the platform, and got as near to her as possible. The train moved off. As Eve turned away among the dispersing people, he stepped to meet her.

(To be continued.)

The new Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's is General Ferrero, who visited the Queen just prior to her Majesty's departure for the Continent. His striking face recalls early portraits of Victor Emmanuel. General Ferrero has made his first speech in England at a public dinner, gracefully alluding to British trade in a few sentences delivered in French. The King of Italy has a very high opinion of his representative, who has already created a favourable impression in this country.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has told the Canadians many home truths—too many, perhaps, for their and his perfect peace of mind, but he is not always in the scolding mood. Just before he left Toronto for his spring visit to Washington, he was announced to respond to the toast of "Canada" at the annual journalists' festival. The Imperialistic journalists were up in arms. "Fancy," they exclaimed, "entrusting the reply to this patriotic toast to a gentleman who would, if he could, hand Canada over to the United States!" They must wish now they had not spoken, for Mr. Smith was as appreciative of Canadian virtues and of Canada's future as Sir John Macdonald himself could have been. "We have here," he said, "five millions of people, probably as industrious, as energetic, as moral, as any five millions in the world." And again: "Canada has certainly kept pace with other countries in this electric age, and we may feel confident that, whatever our external relations may be, we shall be ourselves, and as such play a worthy part in the great drama of the Anglo-Saxon race, and a still greater part in the drama of humanity." The "our" and "we" are interesting and suggestive.

"THE BUTTER'S SPREAD TOO THICK."

BY ANDREW LANG.

Will the Poets forgive me for a few really not ill-natured remarks? These are not addressed so much to the Poets (and when I say *Poets* I do not, at this moment, include Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, or Mr. Bridges) as to their critics. To these gentlemen one would recall the caustic observation of the carpenter, "The butter's spread too thick!" The thickness of the butter might have remained all unknown to myself, had not an ingenious publisher covered a whole page of the *Athenæum* with it, regardless of expense. Here we have the commodity unmixed, or unmixed with anything less sympathetic than molasses. To name the Poets (who must feel like flies in a honey-pot, clogged about the wings) is repugnant to me. They did not review themselves, and, like Mr. Crummles, they may wonder who puts these things into the newspapers. So do I wonder! To be sure, I put one of the things in myself; but I do not compare Thomas, Richard, or Henry to Shakspeare, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Charles Lamb, Homer, Aristophanes, or



How much of this could he believe?

Dante. I only say that a certain book is a remarkable book, "and that you may lay to." Modest is the praise compared with the enthusiasm of the other critical gentlemen.

First, then, our sober old *Spectator* discovers that, as to quality, Mr. A is "on a level with Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, if not with Wordsworth."

Mon Dieu!

Mr. B, according to another journal, is the sort of person whom Shakspeare would have called by a familiar form of his Christian name. This may very well be so: one does not know Shakspeare's habits, and perhaps everybody at the Mermaid was called "Dick" or "Bob." Nobody at Will's called Mr. Pope "Sandy"; but other times, other manners. I am sure that, even at the Mermaid, Mr. B would have been admired. Still, to be named with Shakspeare is trying to an author's modesty. Sir Walter observed that he, for one, "was not fit to tie Shakspeare's brogues," and Thackeray wished he could have run Shakspeare's errands. Neither of these not undistinguished authors aspired to call Shakspeare "Will," or to be called by him "Bill," or "Wat."

Mr. C belongs, according to a third journal, to "the small band" which "have their poetical genius, or something approaching to it." This tiny company includes Mr. Swinburne—and Mr. D.

As the judge at Rouen said to Alexandre Dumas, "there are degrees." Mr. C is, so another censor remarks, "almost Miltonic." "There are degrees." He is "a new poet of the first rank." He ought to be placed (not exactly with Milton, but) "with Cowley and Crashaw." With a good deal of Crashaw, certainly!

Mr. E writes such poetry as Herrick might have written had he lived now. Happily, Herrick lived more than two hundred years ago, and lived first. This makes a difference. Mr. E also speaks "with the tongues of angels, such as Herrick and Lovelace."

Lovelace!

Mr. F is only "simple, charming, and inspired." He may also "be called distinguished." "His poem is redolent of sunshine," and Lord Rayleigh may find out what sunshine is redolent of.

Then follow eleven critics on one book in prose, and nine of the team equal the author in renown with Charles Lamb. When critics are unanimous, their unanimity is wonderful.

On tabulating our results, we exclaim, like Leo X., "What times are these! It is a joy to be alive!"

Despite our losses we have gentlemen, all employing the same publisher, who are equivalents for—

Matthew Arnold,
Tennyson,
Wordsworth (?)

We have a gentleman "whom the Muses love," and whom Shakspeare would have liked to call by some endearing *petit nom*. We have another gentleman who is a satisfactory substitute (more or less) for—

Milton,
Cowley,
Crashaw,

and who is, or should be, "in the prominent ranks of fame." Herrick and Lovelace we need not envy to the Saint and Martyr, for her present Majesty's reign is glorified with the worthy rival of these old glories. "Tell me not, Love, I am unkind," these critics may say to their poets. If unkind they be, it is only by excess of kindness. Finally, we are forbidden to repine that Elia is silent.

I am not denying that these praises are deserved, but, if they be not exaggerated, what are we to say about Mr. Swinburne or Mr. William Morris? Do the critics go about with the rhymes of all these authors singing in their hearts, as we that are old used to recite, "The Hymn to Proserpine," or "Illicit," or what you please of Mr. Swinburne's to ourselves—aye, and as we do still? One cannot be certain whether or not the critics thus revel foolishly in the poems of Messrs. A, B, C, D, E, and F. I would not, for one, give the "Ballad of Shameful Death" or "The Blue Closet" for all the whole poetic production of all the letters of the alphabet, as far as that production is known to me. This is not an argument at all, but the expression of a private preference. Still, I would venture to suggest to a critic that, when he is inclined to compare the new wine with the old, he should first take a good draught of the old; should re-read a play of Shakspeare, a dozen lyrics of Herrick, "The Lotus-Eaters" of Tennyson, a book of "Paradise Lost," the few little masterpieces of Colonel Richard Lovelace. And then he should sip a glass or two of the new tap. If he is quite assured in his own mind after this process that "the new is better" or as good as the old, then by all means let him say so. Very possibly he may be right. But if he judges without reference to his texts, in a fond enthusiasm, very likely he may be wrong. Some men's minds are

hugely taken with the new; others are almost slavishly enamoured of the old. It is hard to steer the middle course. And I doubt if these sweet enthusiasts have steered on that course successfully. No blame attaches to the poets, who, indeed, are rather to be pitied than condemned if, as one cannot help thinking, "the butter's spread too thick." It is a generous fault—a fault on the right side, but it is apt to provoke a perhaps too violent reaction. Indeed, a good deal of nonsense is being written by reviewers, but very little harm is done to literature.

The Speaker of the House of Commons leaves a record of fine speeches behind which it will be difficult for his successor to equal. His first address after his appointment to the Chair astonished the House as much as it charmed all listeners by its dignity and native eloquence. Mr. Peel's modest allusions to his own shortcomings and to the great name which he bore were particularly appreciated. Since then the world has had an opportunity of revising his estimate of his powers, and also of seeing how well he has sustained the honour of his distinguished father. On education Mr. Peel has spoken with felicity several times in his constituency, and his tribute to the late Master of Balliol will not easily be forgotten by those who heard it at Burlington House.



TYROLESE POACHERS IN HIDING.



ECHO.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Of late years a considerable amount of attention has been given to the habits, structure, and general natural history of the spider class. In almost every aspect in which an animal class can be studied the spiders present exceptionally interesting features. Thus their evolution from lower forms has always formed a topic for discussion; their bodily structure presents many points of interest, from their poison-apparatus to their web-spinning mechanism; while their diverse habits no less tempt the natural historian as subjects of study. When one knows how Madame Spider has solved the woman's rights question, and that she not only lords it over her husband, but on occasion may end a domestic discussion by devouring him, it is clear the sociology of the arachnidans may also claim attention as a fit and proper study in the evolution of the family life. I notice in the programmes of lecture societies that the spider class now and then receives its due meed of attention, and through the medium of the platform it is therefore to be hoped the public may be led to regard these animals with somewhat different feelings from those with which their appearance has been greeted in the past.

A curious fact regarding spiders is their classification, by the public, as "insects." Just as frogs and toads and newts—which are not reptiles at all, and differ widely in structure from the latter animals—are regarded as being closely related to the snakes and lizards, so spiders are considered to be part and parcel of the insect domain. This is very far from the truth. The spiders are a much more venerable race than the insects, and their genealogical tree has grown in lines altogether different from those which bear the fortunes of the insect-group. In structure the two classes are as different as in habits; and altogether the spider may be regarded as anatomically, and I should certainly say, on the whole, psychically, superior to the insect. Whoever lacks a study in natural history may do many a less satisfactory thing, intellectually speaking, than turn his (or her) attention to the arachnidans. Not the least advantageous feature of such a study is the possibility of pursuing it in well-nigh every place, from a kitchen to a forest, where spiders are to be found.

I confess that these reflections on spiders have been suggested by an interesting paper by Mr. R. I. Pocock on the Origin and Evolution of the Web-Spinning Habits of Spiders. Mr. Pocock points out that in the little book-scorpions and their allies, which may be regarded as representing more nearly than spiders a primitive and ancestral type of the spider clan, silk-producing glands are to be found. The silk is used in the book-scorpions to make cocoons for the protection of the eggs, so that the assumption is a fair and legitimate one that the silk was first of all employed to make the egg-cases in question; and this instinct of egg-protection we see to-day illustrated in the spiders themselves. Now, from this first stage and step, it is comparatively easy in the evolution of the web-spinning habit to trace a second. The mother-spider carries her nursery about with her as an original trait; and some spiders, of course, illustrate this habit to-day. But, as Mr. Pocock points out, such a custom must interfere with the spider's activity and freedom of movement, besides making her a conspicuous object of attack by enemies. Hence, in pure self-defence, the mother-spider would find it advantageous to adopt another method of egg-protection by concealment. The web would naturally be used to conceal the eggs it is held, and would serve also as a covering and retreat for the mother-spider herself. With an aperture left in the web for entrance and exit, we get thus the form of the most primitive of spiders' webs, the tubular nest. When the young had left this parental abode, the parent would remain as a kind of dowager in her own domicile.

Now, some spiders remain still in this stage of home-development and house-building. When the evolution of the spider's home proceeded, it appears to have taken place along two main lines. One line culminates to-day in the trap-door nest. This seems to be more properly the direct development of the tube with which the spider's dwelling-construction began. The other line of development leads from the tube to the actual web which is used for the capture of prey. In the tube-dwelling, Mr. Pocock maintains, the leading idea represented has been the necessity and advantage of concealment from enemies, such as wasps. In the web-spinning line of development, the main incentive appears to have been the procuring of food in an easy and efficient fashion. How the web first began may be an open question. Some authorities suggest that a few threads spun by chance around the mouth of the tubular home may have represented the first stage of web-evolution. Everybody knows that the primary incentive in the evolution of any new habit or structure is the fact of its being found to be useful and advantageous to the species; therefore, if the original web-spinner found a greater measure of security by guarding the entrance to its nest in the manner described, it is not irrational to believe in the speedy extension and growth of this habit of web-spinning.

So also, there are all degrees and stages traceable between the very perfect orbicular web of the *Epeira*, or garden-spider, and others of its class, with more primitive and simple snares. As Mr. Pocock takes the trouble to point out, there is a tropical spider (*Nephilengys*) whose web is actually intermediate in structure between the beautiful snare of *Epeira* and a tunnel-weaving species (*Dictyna*), which latter type, as we have seen, represents the more primitive idea of the spider domicile, such, indeed, as we also see in the tunnel-like abode of the house-spider, or *Tegenaria*. Even from this last we can go back to tunnel or tube weavers, which only build their web in the breeding season, thus carrying us to the stage when the web, as we have seen, was merely a protection for the eggs. The web of a spider can thus be shown, like so many other very common objects, to involve in the elucidation of its history principles of like kind to those which demonstrate the hows and whys of the highest existence.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J D D (Bedford Park).—Your problem bears evidence of some constructive skill, but wants point and style. In some cases there are three different mates on at once. We shall be pleased to examine further contributions.

G D (Penshurst).—Would it not be better for you to learn chess before you attempt to criticise? In the event you mention either the Black Bishop or the Black Rook would take off the White Rook when check is discovered.

E J S Horwood (Tunbridge Wells).—The question you ask does not call for reply in this department. Write to the office.

ALPHA, AND MANY OTHERS.—In Problem No. 2658 after Q to K 4th Black replies with K to Q 3rd. The Black Rook will then count for something if White replies with Q to K 5th.

Dr F St.—Your last contribution can be solved by 1. R takes P (ch), K to B 5th; 2. K to R 6th, etc.

A Cross.—Another way of solving your problem is by 1. K to B 3rd.

W S FENOLLOSA (Salem, Mass., U.S.A.).—Thanks for problem, which we hope to find correct. (1) No code of acknowledged authority permits it. (2) No.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2645 received from E C Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of Nos. 2650 and 2651 from Dr. A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2654 from Jas Jones (Jacksonville, Florida) and Joseph Stephenson (Philadelphia); of No. 2655 from F Leete (Sudbury); of No. 2656 from Hereward, Edward J Sharpe, Emile Frau (Lyons), R S Henshaw (Bracknell), F Leete (Sudbury), and R G P Brownrigg (Preston, Suffolk); of No. 2657 from J Whittingham (Welshpool), R S Henshaw, J Bailey (Newark), F A Carter (Maldon), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J C Ireland, H S Brandreth, and W H S (Peterborough).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2658 received from G T Hughes (Athy), C B Penny, Edward J Sharpe, R H Brooks, R S Henshaw, W H S (Peterborough), Hereward, W Voller, H T Bailey, L Desanges, L Penfold, H F Evans, J Dixon, J C Ireland, J George Thurfield (Wendesbury), T G (Ware), J E Reid-Cuddon, F Carter (Maldon), C M A B, Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), F Waller (Luton), Emile Frau (Lyons), M A Eyre (Folkestone), W P Hind, P G R (Leamington), W David (Cardiff), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E E H, F W C (Edgbaston), F B Guerlin (Guernsey), Sorrento, E B Ford, F Leete (Sudbury), F S Wesley (Exeter), T Roberts, Mr and Mrs H B Byrnes (Torquay), F Lucas, Dr F St, T Butcher (Cheltenham), Oliver Iongla, M Hobhouse, W R B (Clifton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W R Railleur, Meursius (Brussels), Z Inghold (Frampton), C E Perugini, Charles Burnett, R Worters (Canterbury), E Loudon, C Cattley Carter (Hull), A E McClintock (Kingston), W A Barnard, (Uppingham), Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner (Vienna), M Burke, Rev. W Faure (Courtrai), Alpha, G Douglas Angus, J S Martin (Kidderminster), W J Stables (Cheltenham), Enfield, W Wright, J C Dollman, Shadforth, The Elms (Rams-gate), E J S Horwood (Tunbridge Wells), F J Candy, Dawn, Ubique, and H C Newte.

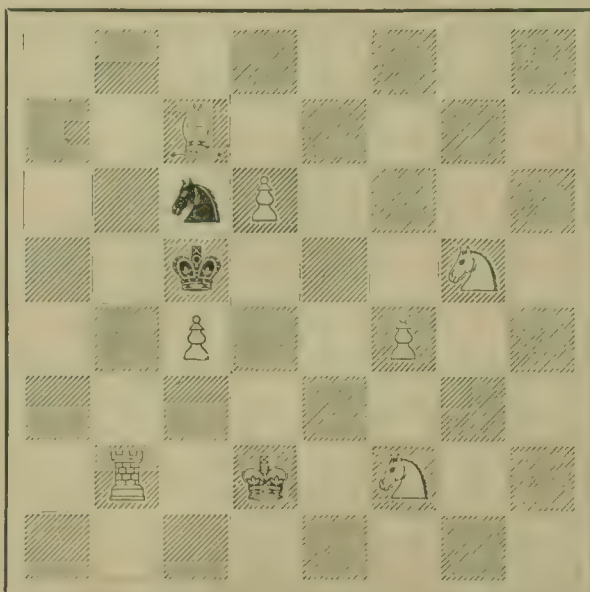
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2657.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B 2nd B or P takes R
2. B to Q 5th Any move
3. Mates

PROBLEM No. 2660.

By O. H. Prior.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HASTINGS.

The following consultation game was played between Messrs. A. ALOOF and H. CHAPMAN against Mr. J. H. BLACKBURN and Miss HICKMAN.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Messrs. A. and C.)	BLACK (Mr. J. H. B. & Miss H.)	WHITE (Messrs. A. and C.)	BLACK (Mr. J. H. B. & Miss H.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. K to R sq	R to R 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	Kt to K 4th is more forcible. White has now time for some little defence, and considerably prolongs the game.	
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 4th	18. P to B 4th	Kt takes P
4. B takes P	P takes P	19. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
5. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	20. K to Kt 2nd	R to Q sq
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd	21. P to R 3rd	K R to Q 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	22. R to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt 4th
8. Castles	B to K Kt 5th	23. R to K sq	K to B sq
9. Q to Q 3rd		24. R (from K sq) to Q sq	P to B 4th
10. Q takes B, Q takes Q; 11. Q takes Q Kt 1; etc.		25. Kt to B 4th	R to R 5th
9. B to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	26. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 5th
11. P takes B	Q to Q 2nd	27. P to B 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
12. K R to Q sq	Q to R 6th	28. K to B sq	R takes P
13. B to B 4th	Q R to Q sq	29. Kt takes P	R to B 3rd
14. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K R 4th	30. Kt to Kt 2nd	Kt takes B P
15. B takes Q B P		31. B to Q 5th	Kt (from B 3rd) takes P
An unwise capture, as Black demonstrates, although B to Kt 3rd seems to give but temporary relief. The text move, seeing that it allows Black to dispose of the only real defensive piece, is inferior play.		32. B takes Kt	Kt takes B
15. B takes B	B to Q 3rd	33. R to Q 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
	R takes B	34. R (at Q sq) to Q 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		35. K to B 2nd	Kt to Q 7 (dis ch)
		36. K to K sq	R takes Kt
		37. R takes Kt	R takes R
		White resigns. The two Black Pawns on King's side must easily march to victory.	

The annual match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will be played at the British Chess Club on March 23. There will be the usual contests with London clubs during the previous week.

Death continues busy among us, and this week we record with deep regret the decease of Mr. W. N. Potter. A few years ago he was perhaps the most pervasive figure of London chess, where his reputation over the board and his authority as an analyst were alike undisputed. He was a pillar of strength to the City Club in its palmiest days, editing the magazine brought out under its auspices, and conducting, with Mr. Steinitz, its correspondence games with Vienna. He also edited the column in *Land and Water*, and for a short time previous to its termination, the game department in the "Westminster Papers." A certain want of imagination alone prevented him from taking rank with the highest masters, his style being cautious to a tedious degree. He was personally very popular, and his sterling straightforwardness commanded respect even from those who differed with him on questions that sometimes set chess circles by the ears. When he retired, ten years ago, he left behind him no memories but of the kindest character, and he will not be readily forgotten by any who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is a quarter of a century since the Second Empire fell, and though a "Worth" gown has always been a desirable possession, it is as a relic of that, one of the most extravagant and audacious periods of costume, that the artist who has just died must be considered. The distinguishing feature of the dresses of the house, I have perceived, has been the originality and daring of the combinations. The most startling colours and the most incongruous trimmings were nevertheless made to produce an effect sometimes really artistic, or, even if not beautiful, at any rate, as Zola says, "adorably ugly." That novelist has given an account of how Worth, in those times of extravagance and selfish waste, treated his idle and profligate customers. "They often had to wait in the antechamber for hours; there were there some twenty soliciting and awaiting their turn, soaking biscuits in madeira, taking refreshment at the big centre table, or dragging about bottles and plates of little cakes. These ladies were as if at home, and conversed freely. . . Then, when the great Worms received at length, the master absorbed himself in the spectacle of his client. He made Renée stand before a glass that reached from the carpet to the ceiling, and drew himself back with a frowning eyebrow, while the young lady, impressed, held her breath, not to move. And at the end of some minutes the master, as if taken and shaken by inspiration, painted with great jerky strokes the masterpiece that he had just conceived, crying in sharp phrases, 'Robe Montespan in *faye cendrée*!—the train passing in front into a rounded basque—big knots of grey satin lifting it on the hips—and, finally, a tablier of pearl-grey tulle, bouillonné, the pleatings divided by bands of grey satin.' He drew back once more, appearing to descend from the heights of his genius, and, with the triumphant grimace of the Pythoness on her tripod, added: 'We will pose in the hair on this gay head the butterfly of Psyche with wings of changing azure.' But at other times inspiration was restive. The illustrious Worms called on it vainly, concentrating his faculties to a pure loss. He tortured his eyebrows, became livid, took his poor head between his two hands and shook it in vain; and, overcame, throwing himself into a fauteuil—'No,' murmured he in a melancholy voice, 'no, not to-day; it is not possible, these ladies are unreasonable; the spring is dried up.' And showing Renée to the door, he would repeat 'Not possible, not possible, dear lady; you must come back another day. I do not feel you this morning.'"

What Worth did to gain his fame, then, was to make each client a dress of an original kind, something to herself, a costume that either in fact did, or at least allowed her to suppose that it did, suit her own particular style; and, further, he designed and settled it entirely for her, saving her the agony and responsibility of any choosing for herself. Worth did not like the "tailor-made"; he did not originate or willingly accept it, and so he said that it made ladies look like stable-boys. But in this style he met with English rivals, and he who had overmastered all that was purely French was conquered by his own countrymen. It is a very instructive fact that the real lead of modern fashion in France has been taken by English talent.

The width of the new spring bonnets is something that needs to be seen to be realised. It is the result of the undoubted fact that the sleeves of the gowns are to be wider than ever; if the head be not enlarged to match, the whole person is "out of drawing." Some new hats are exactly like the old Directoire ones—the genuine ones, I mean, of the end of the last century. They are more like a church beadle's cocked hat than anything else worn in modern times; the straw shape, three times as wide as it is broad, sitting narrowly across the centre of the head, and ending in pronounced curly tails above the ears. As the bonnets are made to be worn with hair dressed in a low set "bun" at the back of the head, it follows that the shapes are not made with distinct crowns, but flat and only slightly bent round to follow the natural shape of the top of the cranium, coming well down to the ears so that they sit on very comfortably; and then the efforts of the milliner are directed to making the trimming stand out as wide at each side of the head as she possibly can. Spikes of flowers, frills of lace, jet ornaments, net embroidered so as to be stiffened and made glittering with an incrustation of sequins or iridescent beads; lace of horsehair (the novelty of the season), made by hand like real lace, but as stiff as it is delicate and fragile looking; bows of ribbon, not set quite across the front but made to appear wider than they really are by means of starting suddenly from the sides of the shape, while the centre fits closely above the brow; bead-encrusted ornaments of the Mercury wing shape—all are found amidst the width-giving devices of trimming. However it is accomplished take care that your new bonnet has width of adornment set somewhere between the brow and the ears if you want to look in the mode.

A typical new bonnet has a flat shape of iridescent green paillettes, with a band of black velvet narrowly across the front, passing into two big bows of the same, one sitting out at either side of the face; above these rise Mercury wings in the black horsehair (or "crinoline") lace embroidered with similar spangles to the shape, and a stiff brush aigrette in blue to match rises in the centre, crowning all. The crinoline lace, being the newest thing out in millinery, is very expensive. A toque (stringless) bonnet of mixed green and blue straw has a cluster of roses of a deep magenta shade at each side in front, and above these, sticking out very wide, wings of jet, with two big shot-ribbon pleated bows above and wider than these again. Another feature of the new millinery is that the backs frequently have some trimming put, falling down so as partly to cover the "bun"—in some cases it is so marked as to lead to a suspicion that it is a step towards the "curtains" that our grandmothers wore. The crown of one model is of net all closely sewn over with moonlight paillettes; it is trimmed in front with two wide bows of shot blue and purple ribbon, and in them are placed two large jet pins sticking out, while at the back a little trail of pink roses falls at each side of the "bun," and an aigrette of rosebuds and foliage finishes off the front, tall-upstanding behind the bows and pins.



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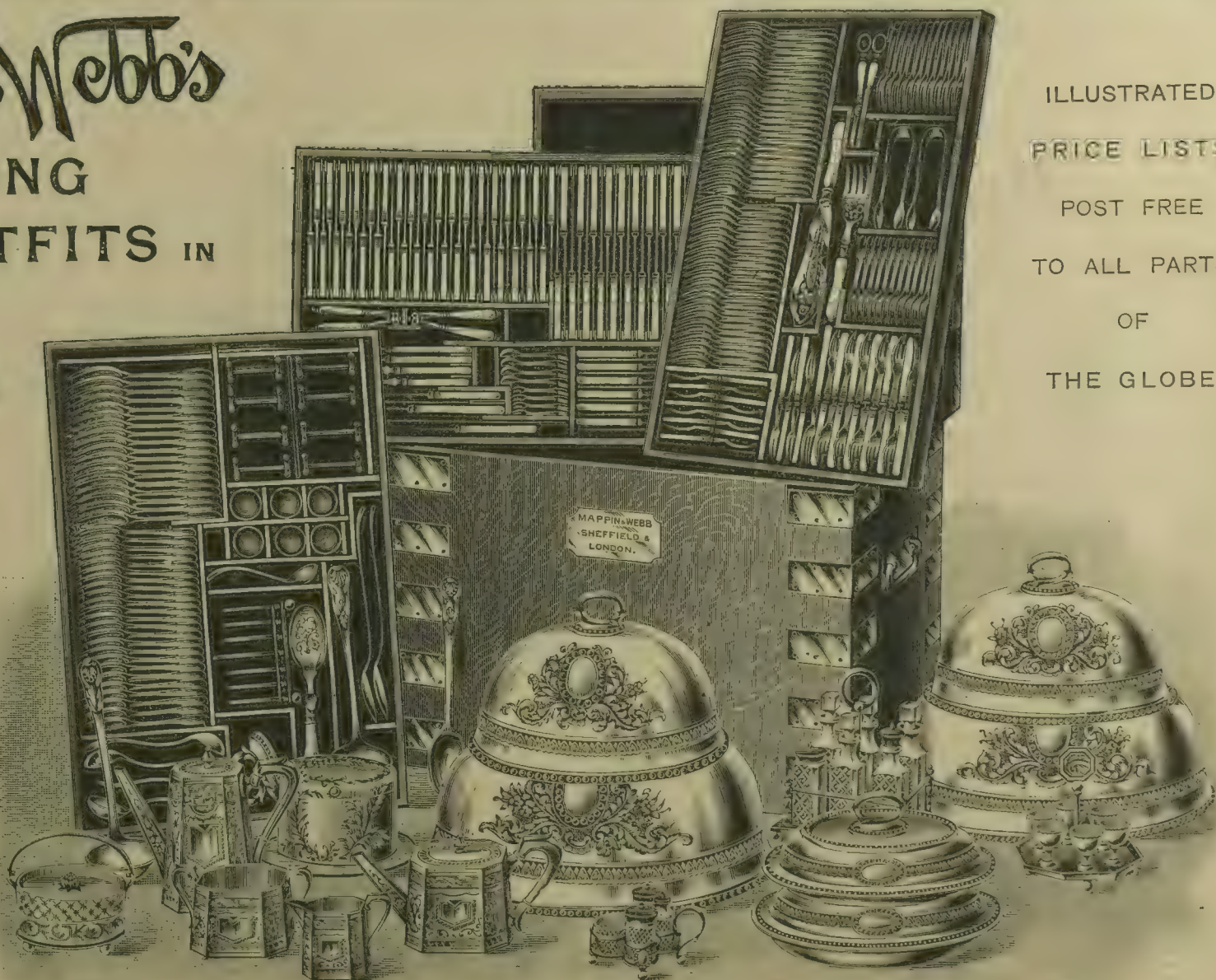
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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

M. Jules Simon is a Republican who, I should say, repents by now of his Republicanism. Béranger did, after he saw the Second Republic at work, and I am under the impression that the not over-clean doings of the bigwigs of the Third Republic have had the same effect upon the erstwhile admirer of Thiers and the staunch friend of Renan. Anyhow, M. Simon has done a plucky thing; not the first in his life. He has told the French that Emperor Wilhelm II. is a worthy, very earnest, highly cultivated gentleman, whose greatest desire is for peace, but who will not cease to prepare for war while the French compel him by their ever-increasing armaments.

M. Jules Simon is an old man, and a very good judge of what a cultivated gentleman should be, seeing that he is probably one of the most widely read and best-informed Frenchmen alive. He has been a consistent Republican all his days, and one of the few Republicans who got little or nothing by his consistency, for unless I am very much mistaken, he has, at his advanced age, to eke out his income by his pen. That alone would entitle him to respect in a country where the out-at-elbows nondescript, the briefless barrister, and the doctor without patients are enabled to drive their own carriages, keep a large staff of servants, and live on the fat of the land generally in a half-dozen years after they enter the political arena.

But M. Jules Simon has greater claims to respect even than his conspicuous poverty. Though apt to praise his political co-religionists somewhat too highly, he never overstepped the bounds of courtesy in opposing a political adversary. What he did last week for Wilhelm II. he did years ago for Napoleon III., and even for Gambetta, whom, I fancy, he did not like. It was he who bearded the dictator in the beginning of February 1871 at Bordeaux, when he, the dictator, refused to acquiesce in the surrender of Paris, and decided that, in spite of the general wish, there should be no elections. In vain Gambetta's colleagues had informed him during the previous five weeks that further resistance was hopeless. He continued to shout: "Resistance to the death; no elections until the last Prussian has vanished from the sacred soil of France!" And when Paris had surrendered, he expected Paris to come to his aid, in order to keep up his Government of satraps. On Jan. 30—Paris had surrendered the day before—he raised the standard of revolt at Bordeaux by means of a proclamation which I cannot quote here for want of space.

Under those circumstances, M. Jules Simon reached Bordeaux, and shortly after his arrival was informed that Gambetta intended to have him arrested—he who was the delegate of the Government of the National Defence which had concluded an armistice with Bismarck. In reality, Gambetta was no more than that, but M. Jules Simon knew the man who was always clamouring for equality

well enough to know that no considerations of equality would stop his tyranny. Thiers was at Bordeaux also, but the little man was so frightened of Gambetta that he fairly lost his presence of mind. Not so M. Jules Simon. In spite of Gambetta's ravings, he kept perfectly calm, simply telling him the object of his mission and giving him to understand that he meant to carry it out to the end. Result, Gambetta's submission and resignation. Though M. Jules Simon could not save Paris from the Commune, he saved France once from a civil war in the beginning of February 1871.

This is the man who has just told his countrymen the unvarnished, albeit flattering, truth about Wilhelm II. I doubt whether his reward will be commensurate with his daring, but the daring ought to be recorded for all that.

The forthcoming opening of the Baltic Canal, and the consequent invitation from the Emperor to the various Governments of Europe to honour the ceremony with their presence, have been the cause of this plucky feat on the part of the aged Academician and Senator. But there is a somewhat sadder side to the history of this great undertaking on the part of Germany, a side known to few people beside myself. In Hammersmith Cemetery there lies a man who was virtually the originator of this great project. His name was Dr. Henry Bartling, a well-known German *littérateur*, who lived for many years in London, and was a constant contributor on the most weighty subjects to Brockhaus' "Conversations Lexikon," the "Rundschau," and other important publications. He was the only civilian who had ever lectured before an exclusively military audience in Berlin, and on that occasion Moltke took the chair. And yet, when amidst the thunder of artillery, the deafening "Hochs!" and the strains of the German national anthem, the canal "is declared open," there will probably not be a living soul to give him a thought. Peace be to Henry Bartling's ashes! *Sic vos, non vobis.*

Dean Hole states that during his recent visit to the United States he was interviewed by two hundred journalists. The pecuniary result of Dean Hole's lectures in America has only been £500, which he is to hand over to the restoration fund of Rochester Cathedral.

The death is announced of the Rev. Cyprian Rust. He was originally a Baptist minister, but became ultimately a clergyman of the Church of England. His criticism on the "Higher Criticism" won the approval of Mr. Gladstone.

Dr. Percival was confirmed in his election to the see of Hereford on March 15, in the ancient church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. No "opposers" appearing, the usual declarations and oaths were taken, and now the Head Master of Rugby School has actually become the Bishop of Hereford. That he may have great success in his new sphere of influence is the wish of all who know and esteem Dr. Percival.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In apologising for not being present at the annual meeting of the Dublin Women's Liberal Association, the Dean of Durham, Dr. Kitchin, wrote: "It has not been my habit to attend political meetings at all, in spite of my strong tendency to Radicalism."

Canon Gore is to preach the sermon on the consecration of Dr. Percival as Bishop of Hereford.

The lamented death of Dr. Dale cuts short some very important literary projects. Dr. Dale intended to write a work on the Holy Spirit, which would have ranked with his great book on the Atonement. It is to be feared, however, that he was not able to carry it very far. He had also proposed to write another volume of discourses on Christian Doctrine. It was generally thought that he should have been the biographer of his friend John Bright, but it is certain that even if he had been asked he would not have accepted this work. In recent years he made it his business to withdraw more and more from political strife, and to confine himself to his work as a Christian teacher.

The late Dean Fremantle lived so long that his active labours were pretty generally forgotten, but it was he who, during the controversy about "Essays and Reviews," brought certain extracts from the book before the Bishops, and it was to him that the Bishops' answer was addressed, and after the exculpatory judgment of the Privy Council, it was he who gathered the eleven thousand signatures to the Declaration, affirming the doctrines of inspiration and eternal punishment. One of his books was "The Life of Spencer Thornton, Vicar of Wendover," which was published in 1851, and was reviewed by the late Mr. Conybeare in the celebrated *Edinburgh Review* article on Church Parties, which first gave nicknames to the various sections of the Church.

The Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, head of the Oxford House, Bethnal Green, discussed in a recent speech Mr. Morrison's book, entitled "Tales of Mean Streets." The talented author had drawn from life, but he (Mr. Ingram) denounced as a libel the idea that all their men at the East-End were Bill Chopes or all their young women Lizerunts. It would be as accurate as to go up to a man selling apples, pick out the rotten ones, and tell him they were representative of all. He would give the historic answer: "Chuck it, Governor; that ain't fair."

Mr. Ingram said in the same speech that the work of Nonconformists in East London must not be left out. It was sometimes supposed that one could not be a good Churchman unless he were always at loggerheads with his Nonconformist brethren. He denied it altogether. His belief was that the stronger Churchman a man was the better he would get on with them. It was a proof that there was not much bitterness in the Nonconformists of East London when the local branch of the Christian Evidence Society, which was almost entirely composed of Nonconformists, had unanimously elected him as president.

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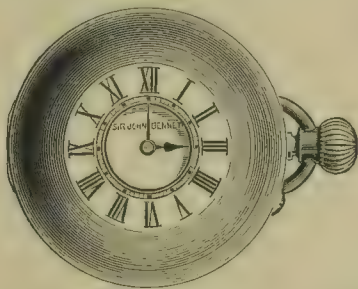
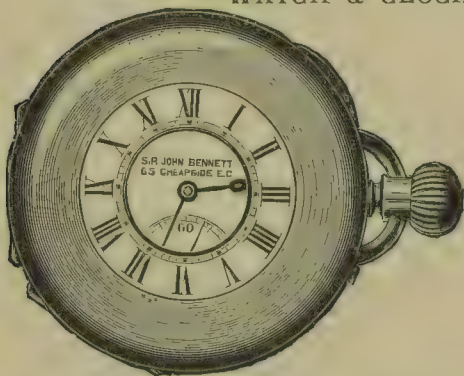
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ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XII.—HORSE AND GORSE.

On the moor this morning I came across the first gipsy-van of the season. The milder spell has tempted some strollers from the towns where gipsies congregated in slums and outskirts while frost holds the commons. No business is stirring in the way of osier or heather cutting or an occasional bit of poaching while snow lies on the ground; but when open weather comes again, the gipsy leaves the town he never really loves, and returns once more to the breadth and freedom of his beloved uplands. My friend of this morning was busily engaged in cutting up gorse-branches with a sort of long-handled meat-chopper in a wooden box, as fodder for his mare. She, poor creature, lean and skinny, a mere machine for slowly dragging the dead-weight of a van, stood by expectant, sniffing the air from time to time, and thoroughly alive to the fact that her master was engaged in making ready for her use a dainty breakfast. The children had hacked off the green branches with a cutlass from the bushes; and the father was chopping them up fine with his rough-and-ready implement, so as to get rid as far as possible of the spines and points, and reduce the whole mess to a consistent mash of palatable foodstuff.

Gorse, in point of fact, makes excellent fodder; the succulent young shoots are much esteemed by sheep, and even more by rabbits. Here and there on the toughest and prickliest furze-bushes during spring and summer you may come across little tufts of soft green leaves almost entirely concealed behind the spine-like armour. Very young plants and very young shoots are quite soft and sweet, and that is just why gorse, as a whole, is so stiff and prickly. If it was nasty or innutritious it would not need to defend itself; but, growing on open spots, much exposed to the attacks of hungry herbivores, it is only able to subsist by becoming thus wary and offensive in its demeanour.

None but prickly shrubs stand a chance for their lives on bare moors or commons. And now observe the consequence. Every step taken in self-defence on one side is followed at once by a corresponding step taken in aggressiveness on the other. The cleverer the police become the warier and more cunning and bolder are the thieves. In proportion as trees cover up their rich seeds in hard-shelled nuts do gnawing squirrels develop yet keener teeth to outwit them. Nature is thus one vast game of plot and counterplot. No sooner do gorse and similar plants clothe themselves from head to foot in their armour of sharp spines than rabbits learn to nibble cautiously from below at the soft ends of the foliage, and donkeys acquire a taste for the pungent stimulation of the points and prickles. For donkeys are by origin wild mountain beasts, from dry and rocky Eastern hills, where almost all the vegetation is of the arid and spinous desert character; and they bear with them to our own day this mark of their origin—that they positively prefer a thistle or a nettle-top to the insipid grasses and tasteless clovers of the lowland meadows. Even so returned Anglo-Indians need the powerful stimulus of hot curries and red peppers to rouse their jaded palates.

The horse, on the other hand, is the descendant of those primitive equine-asinine animals which took rather to the open plains and the grass-grown meadows. His taste is all for lush grass and tender herbage. Thistles stir not his soul; he has no liking for bramble-bushes. Therefore it is little use to offer him a naked furze-top; he could make nothing of it, though the donkey would find in it "a fine lot of confused feeding." So my gipsy is obliged to chop the furze up small for his hungry mare, though when the prickles are well crushed it makes most savoury and nutritious provender—especially just at this season, when every bush is thickly covered with rich brown-haired flower-buds, all ready to swell and burst, besides being full of sweet juice and good nitrogenous material, laid by for the pollen, the young seeds, and the spring foliage.

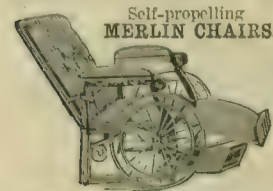
At any time, indeed, the stiff tops of the gorse are really quite full of sound nourishing green-stuff, because leaves and branches are very much alike, every part being almost equally vegetable and active. The very young seedling has small trefoil leaves, which show at once the descent of the species from a common ancestor with the genistas and the clovers. But as the young plant grows it begins to acquire the later habits of the adult furze-bush; the trefoil leaves merge by degrees into short flat blades, which grow gradually sharper and stiffer as the shoot lengthens out, till they develop at last into hard prickly foliage of the familiar pattern. At the same time the branches develop at the tips into very aggressive spines, while the distinction of leaf and branch becomes practically unimportant. In the end every part of the plant almost is green alike; every part performs the ordinary carbon-eating functions of foliage; and every part wards off the attacks of all foes save donkeys and rabbits. Even those hardened offenders approach the furze-bush but gingerly, while the gipsy's horse would starve in the midst of plenty sooner than tackle for itself one of these vegetable porcupines. And is it not a curious fact, when you come to think of it, that just as gorse and blackthorn and heather are prickly, so is the one wild beast who has to pick up his livelihood under similar circumstances a spine-covered hedgehog? Without defensive spears there is no living on a common.

Kew Gardens are so popular a resort that it is good news to hear of a further advantage gained by the public in connection with them. About four and a half acres of the meadow in front of Kew Palace has been ceded by the Queen, thus allowing a direct route to the finest part of the arboretum. The Royal Gardens extend over 251 acres, and in the summer months of the year are frequented by many thousands, who will heartily appreciate this latest favour granted by the Queen.

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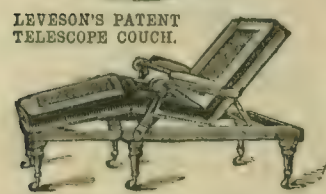


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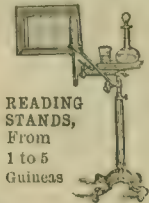
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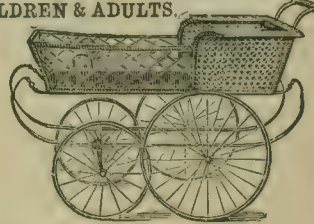
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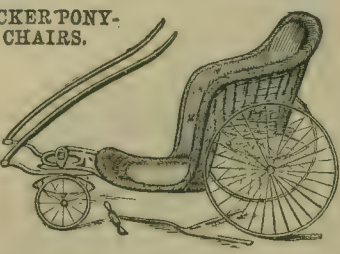
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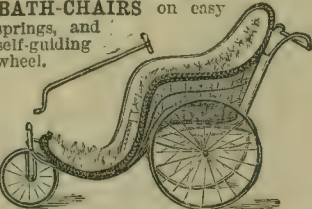
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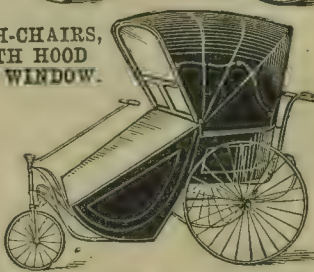
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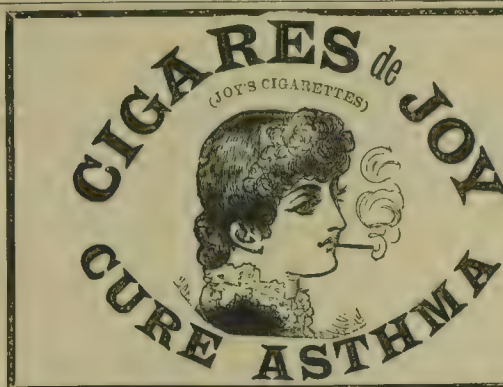
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Dec. 29, 1892), of Mr. William Lane Joynt, D.L., of 43, Merrion Square East, Dublin, who died on Jan. 3, granted to William Russell Joynt, the Rev. Henry Russell Joynt, and Richard Lane Joynt, the sons, the executors, was resealed in London on March 7, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £89,085. The testator makes various devises and bequests to children, and there are legacies to grandchildren, nephew, nieces, and others. The rest of his property, real and personal, is to be distributed among his sons and daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated March 3, 1894) of Mr. John Vincent Hawksley Williams, D.L., J.P., of Northenby, East Woodhay, in the county of Southampton, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on March 8 by the Rev. Thomas Vincent Williams and Robert Manners Howard Williams, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £65,234. The testator bequeaths all his plate, linen, china, glass, books, pictures, wines, liquors, horses, carriages, and all other his household effects to his wife, Mrs. Phoebe Susanna Williams; and legacies to his sister, son-in-law, and daughter-in-law. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his three children, Thomas Vincent Williams, Phoebe Susanna Barker, and Robert Manners Howard Williams.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1890) with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1893) of Mr. Frederick Miles, of Farncomb Hill, Godalming, Surrey, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 8 by Frederick Harris Miles and George Herbert Miles, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal

estate amounting to £50,673. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Booksellers' Provident Institution; £50 to the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution; 15 and 16, Upper Hamilton Terrace to his son, Frederick Harris; and there are gifts of shares in Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Limited (of which he was the first chairman), to several persons in the service of the company. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 17, 1892), with two codicils (dated Aug. 18 and Dec. 22, 1893), of Mr. Thomas Dickens, J.P., formerly of Edgemore House, Higher Broughton, near Manchester, and late of Stratford Lodge, Oatlands Park, Surrey, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 1 by Frederick Victor Dickens and Albert Lungley Dickens, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £41,522. The testator bequeaths furniture and effects to the value of £1000, £300, and £150 to be distributed by her among servants, to his wife, Mrs. Clara Dickens; £23,000 upon trust for his wife for life or widowhood, and in the event of her marrying again the income of £8000 is to be paid to her; £5000 on the death of his wife to the Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuges and Children's Aid Society; £300, and a further sum of £2000 on the death either of his son Henry John or his step-daughter Ellen Elizabeth Wyndham, to the Girls' Home, Devonshire Street, Higher Broughton; £5000 to his son Frederick Victor; and legacies to grandchildren, wife's sisters, and others. Provision is also made for his son Henry John, and his said step-daughter. He directs the residue of his real and personal estate to be divided into twenty-one parts, twelve of which he gives to his son Frederick Victor, two to his son Albert Lungley, who he

states is otherwise well provided for, and seven upon trust for his daughter Maria Jane Lewis.

The will and codicil (both dated Feb. 21, 1893) of the Hon. Mark Pleydell Bouverie, of 11, Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair, who died on Feb. 17 at Lower Chiland House, Martyr Worthy, Hants, were proved on March 12 by the Hon. Kenelm Pleydell Bouverie, the brother, and Edward Burne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,831. The testator directs his residence in Little Stanhope Street, with the furniture and effects, to be sold, and the proceeds divided between his sisters, Mrs. Margaret Maitland and Mrs. Edith Cotes. He bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his brother, the Hon. John Pleydell Bouverie, for life; and legacies to executors, clerks, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his nephew and godson, Mark Maitland.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1894) of Sir Morgan Morgan, Knight, of Taff House, Cathedral Road, Cardiff, who died on Dec. 6, was proved at the Llandaff District Registry on Feb. 4 by Dame Elizabeth Margareta Morgan, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,170. The testator leaves all his property of every description to his wife, for life. At her death he gives certain farms and lands, part of the Hendrescythan estate (except minerals), to his son Ivor Bertie, for life, and then to his children as he shall appoint; the remainder of the Hendrescythan estate to his son Morgan Hughes Buckley, for life, and then to his children as he shall appoint; the minerals under the said estate to his two sons; £4000 and the oil-painting of himself and the plate presented to him in recognition of his services as Mayor of Cardiff in the Jubilee year, to his son Morgan Hughes Buckley; £4000,

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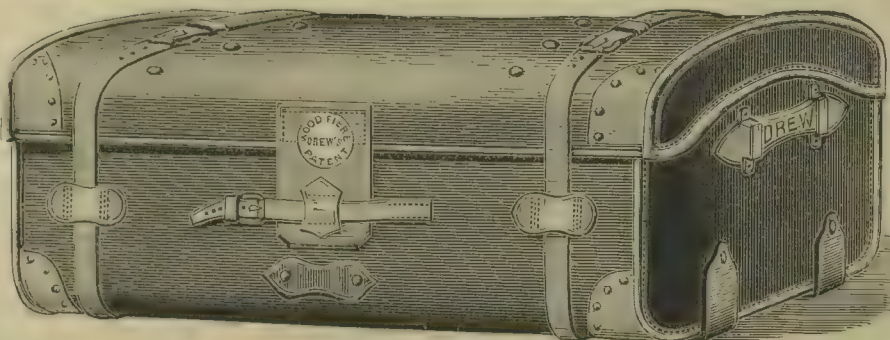
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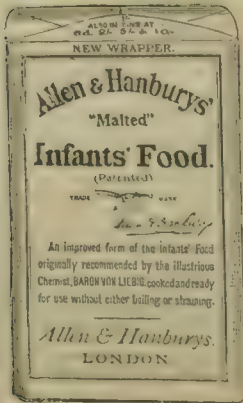
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the silver bowl presented to him in recognition of his contesting the southern division of Glamorganshire, and the furniture and stock and crops at Tynmawr, to his son Iver Bertie; legacies amounting to £3000 and two silver tea-services to his daughter, Gladys Gwendoline; and the ultimate residue of his property to his three children.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1884) of the Hon. and Rev. Henry William Bertie, D.C.L., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, formerly Vicar of Great Ilford, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 2 at the Oxford District Registry by the Hon. and Rev. Alberic Edward Bertie and Major the Hon. Reginald Henry Bertie, the nephews of the deceased, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8786. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his said two nephews absolutely as tenants in common.

The will of Mr. Philip Edward Scholfield, of Maltby Hall, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 15, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Feb. 20 by Mrs. Anne Georgiana Sherlock Scholfield, the widow, and Robert Stanley Scholfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5647.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Mary Catherine Ellen in Thurm, of Firsleigh, Torquay, who died on Jan. 9, were proved on March 5 by John Conrad in Thurm and Frederick Charles in Thurm, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8522.

The will (dated July 5, 1881) of the Venerable John Edward Blakeney, D.D., who died on Jan. 12 at Sheffield, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Feb. 16 by Mrs. Martha Blakeney, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4892. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife, for her sole and separate use absolutely.

There is no truth in the statement that the Deanery of Ripon has been offered to Canon MacColl, who was with difficulty persuaded to accept his present canonry in the same place. An indifference to preferment is sometimes found among the clergy. Mr. Stephen Gladstone refused the Deanery of Winchester on the ground that he was not fitted for it.

OBITUARY.

The Right Rev. Josiah B. Pearson, formerly Bishop of Newcastle, New South Wales, and Vicar of Leck since 1893, on March 10, aged fifty-four.

Mrs. Goschen, mother of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., on March 13, aged eighty-nine.

The Rev. Cyprian T. Rust, who arranged for comparison translations of the Scriptures in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Syriac, on March 8.

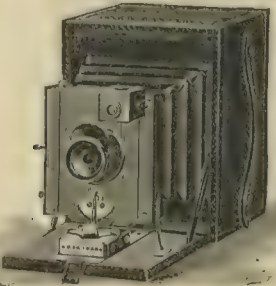
Mr. Digby Seymour, County Court Judge and Recorder of Newcastle, on March 16, aged seventy-two.

The Right Hon. George Philip, fourteenth Earl of Moray, on March 16, aged eighty.

Mr. Robert J. Biron, Q.C., the magistrate attached to Lambeth Police-Court, on March 18, aged sixty-three.

Mr. Harry T. Hinckes, formerly M.P. for divisions in Staffordshire, on March 19, aged sixty-two.

Mr. Henry Ley, who was for some time second clerk assistant at the table of the House of Commons, on March 16, aged eighty-one.

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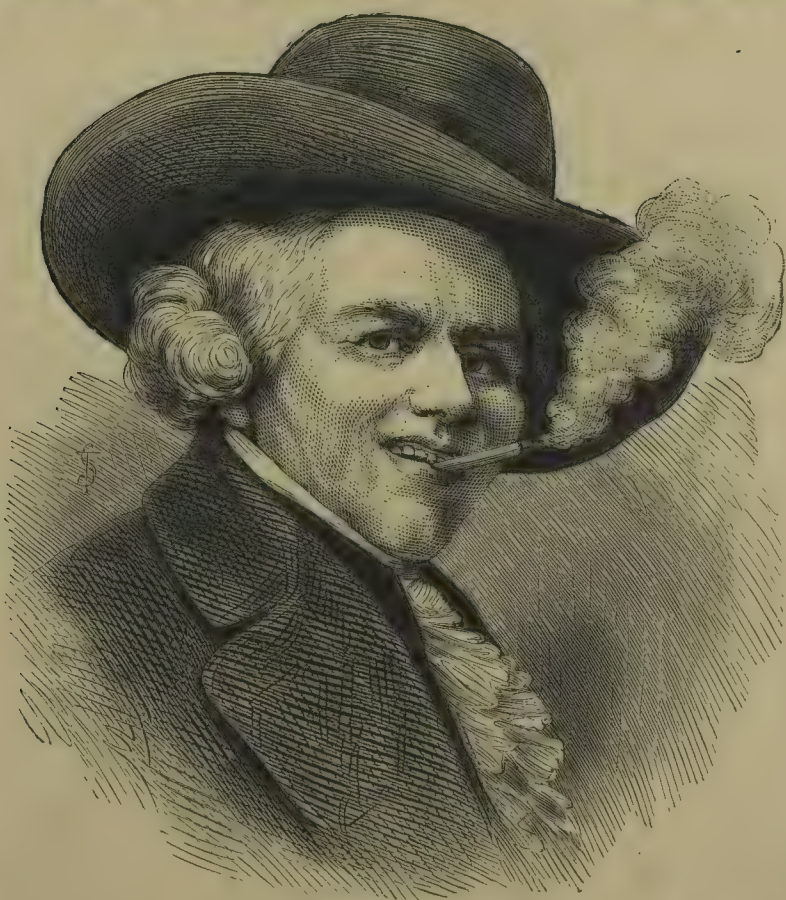
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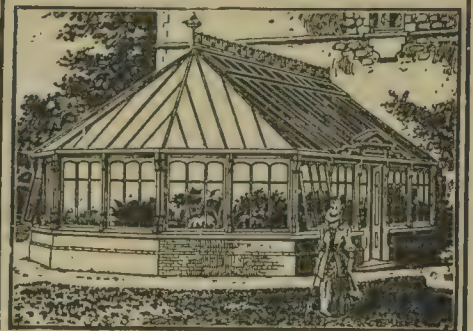
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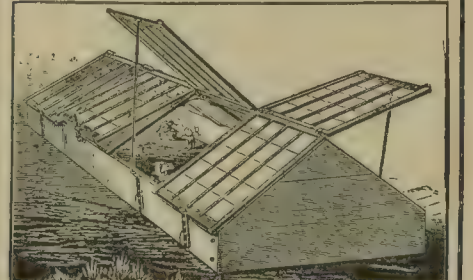
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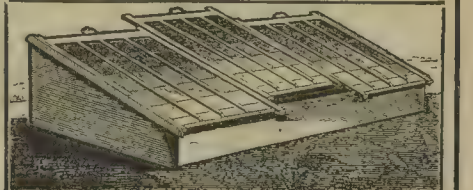


4ft. by 6ft. ... £2 9 0 12ft. by 6ft. ... £5 7 0
8ft. by 6ft. ... 3 18 0 16ft. by 6ft. ... 6 18 0

PIT LIGHTS } 6ft. by 4ft., Painted and Glazed, 13s. 3d. each.
Unpainted and Unglazed, 5s. each.

WALL FRUIT TREE PROTECTORS,
24ft. by 2ft., £2. Any Length Made.

No. 75.—MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.



4ft. by 6ft. ... £1 15 0 12ft. by 6ft. ... £3 15 0
8ft. by 6ft. ... 2 15 0 16ft. by 6ft. ... 4 15 0

No. 77.—VIOLET FRAME, 6ft. by 4ft., 30s.
Similar to No. 75, with two lights.


CARRIAGE PAID on Orders of 40s. value to
Stations in England and
Wales; also to Dublin, Cork, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

6,000,000 BOXES SOLD YEARLY**THE REASON IS****Simple as****A B C****BEECHAM'S PILLS**


Have been

TRIED for 50 YEARS

There is a reason for everything, and the reason for the popularity of Beecham's Pills is, that they fill all the requirements of a general antidote in a more satisfactory manner than any proprietary medicine ever placed before the public. "You may lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make it drink." Beecham's Pills are brought before your notice, and, whether you require them or not—if not to-day, you may to-morrow—when the necessity arises, you should, in your own interest, take them. The reason for their need is often best known to yourself, but, be that as it may, you will show good reason by taking them in reasonable doses, and doing so is as simple as A B C.


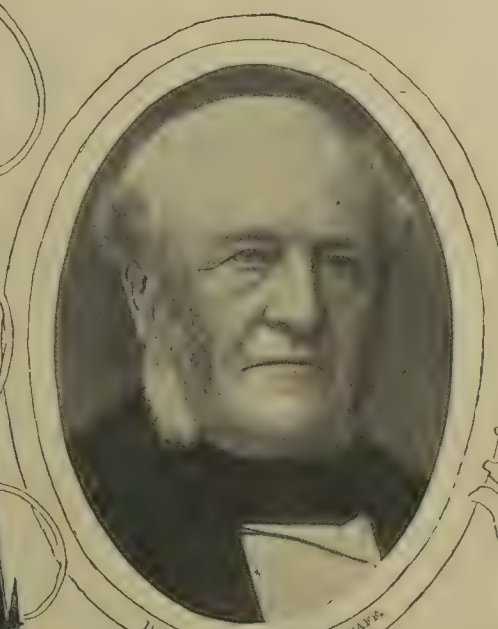




SUPPLEMENT to the
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



The

CATHEDRALS
of GREAT BRITAIN
2nd SERIES



DR. TEMPLE, BISHOP OF LONDON.
Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

DR. LEWIS, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.
Photo by Russell and Sons.

Edgar Wilson

HAMPTON & SONS. TASTEFUL FURNISHING AT SMALL OUTLAY.

EXPERTS IN
DECORATIVE
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MANUFACTURERS
OF ARTISTIC FUR-
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"A glance through this 'BOOK OF INTERIORS and FURNITURE' reveals at once the real source of Messrs. Hampton & Sons' success as furnishers, as the contents show that rooms can nowadays be furnished in a quite elegant manner at a comparatively trifling outlay.

"It is by their skill in achieving this end that Hampton & Sons have built up their immense business, and this book of examples affords the most ample and conclusive evidence that could be desired of the legitimacy of their claim to be experts in the art and practice of 'Tastefully Furnishing at a small outlay.'"—*Illustrated London News*, September 1, 1891.

QUEEN ANNE MORNING ROOM. From the SPECIMEN "INTERIORS" in HAMPTON & SONS' CATALOGUE.

Wall Panelling	...	pine, primed for Painting,	2s. per foot super.
Mantel and Overmantel	...	do.	18 guineas.
Overdoor	...	do.	25s.
Bookcases	...	do.	50s. per foot run.
Cabinet in Solid Mahogany	19 guineas.

Table in Solid Mahogany,	75s.
Four-fold Screen, do., with tapestry panels,	£9 15s.
Two Easy-Chairs in Tapestry,	70s. each.
Brass pierced Fender,	45s.
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SCHEMES AND ESTIMATES for Furnishing Single Rooms or Entire Houses prepared FREE OF CHARGE on receipt of Client's instructions or Architect's specifications.

HAMPTON & SONS' BOOK OF INTERIORS AND FURNITURE SENT FREE ONLY TO APPLICANTS WHO CONTEMPLATE FURNISHING.

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HAMPTON & SONS, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the Kingdom on all Purchases exceeding One Guinea.

BOVRIL VERSUS INFLUENZA

WHAT THE PHYSICIAN SAYS:

"With regard to Bovril, I cannot speak too highly, believing as I do, after much experience, that it is superior to any other similar preparation in the market in point of nutritive value and delicacy of flavouring. I may just add that I prescribed it exclusively during the recent epidemic of Influenza, and although I attended over 700 cases of every form of severity and with every possible complication, I did not lose a single case.

"DOUGLAS LITHGOW,
"M.D., LL.D., M.R.C.P., &c."

WHAT SCIENTIFIC EXPERTS SAY:

Bovril gives strength, and strength is precisely what is wanted; strength to resist the insidious approach of the epidemic; strength to throw off an attack in its incipient stage; or where, from want of precaution, it has already obtained a firm hold; strength to carry the patient through it to a speedy convalescence and recovery.



"THE FORGETFUL HUSBAND."

"The strings tied on your glove are to remind you that whatever else you may forget, you must not forget

"BOVRIL."

WHAT THE PATIENT SAYS:

"To the Editor of the 'Liverpool Daily Post.'

"March 6, 1895.

"CURE FOR INFLUENZA.

"Sir,—I beg to remind your readers of a speedy cure in my own case of Influenza. A letter with reference to it appeared in your columns nearly four years ago. Treatment: Four dessert-spoonfuls of cod-liver oil daily, and four cups of strong, hot Bovril, in addition to ordinary meals.

"For one day I was totally incapacitated, on the next convalescent, on the third day well.

"Yours, &c.,

"GEO. S. HAZLEHURST, J.P.

"The Grange, Rock Ferry."

WHAT WE SAY:

Bovril is FIFTY times more nourishing than ordinary Meat Extract or home-made Beef Tea. These latter are only stimulants, not food. Bovril is a perfect stimulant, and a perfect food. Australia and South America are the sole sources of our Bovril Extract supply.

The Cathedrals of Great Britain.

SECOND SERIES.

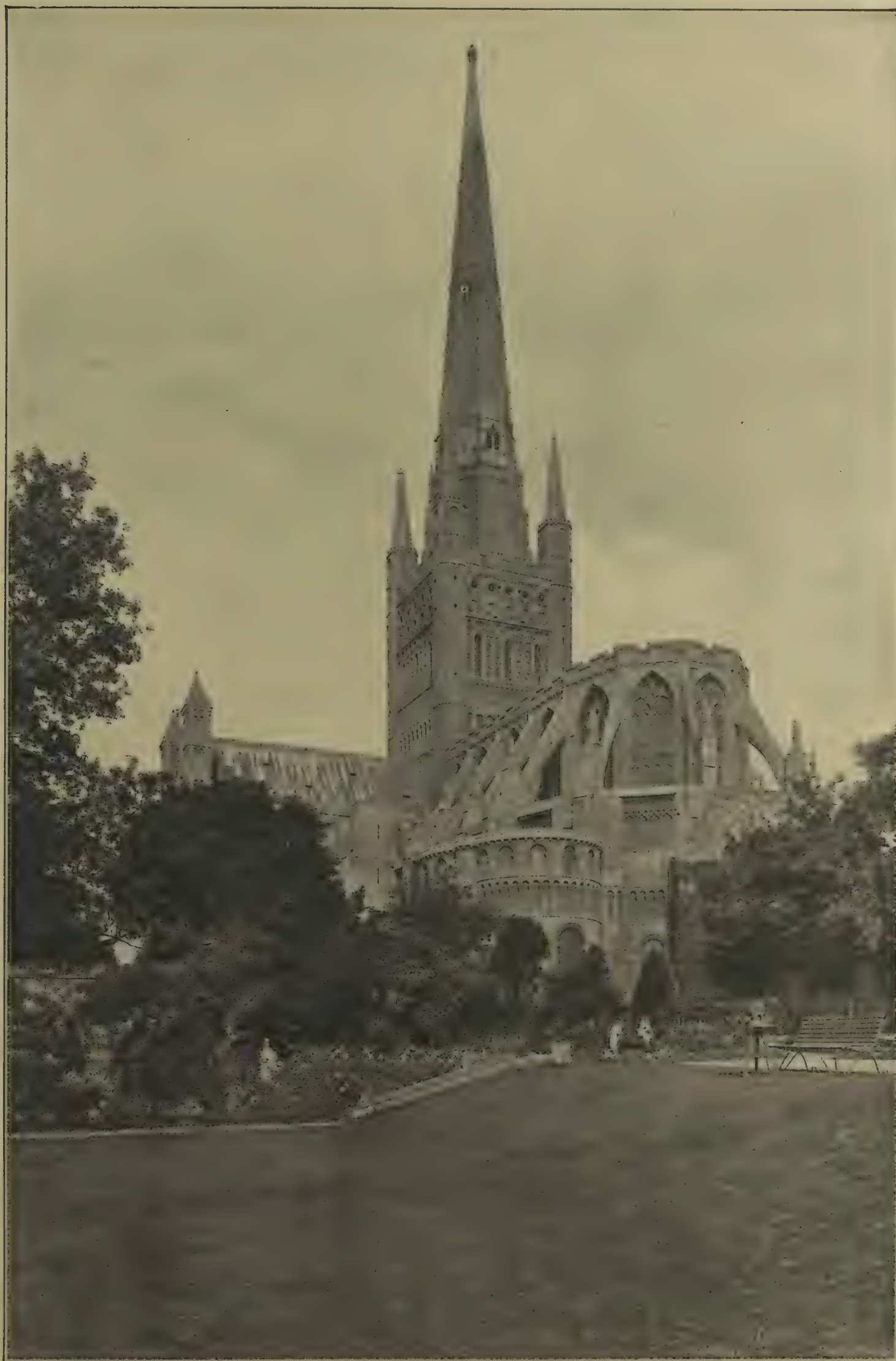


Photo by F. Frith and Co.

NORWICH CATHEDRAL.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



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MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE REREDOS.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

TRURO CATHEDRAL.

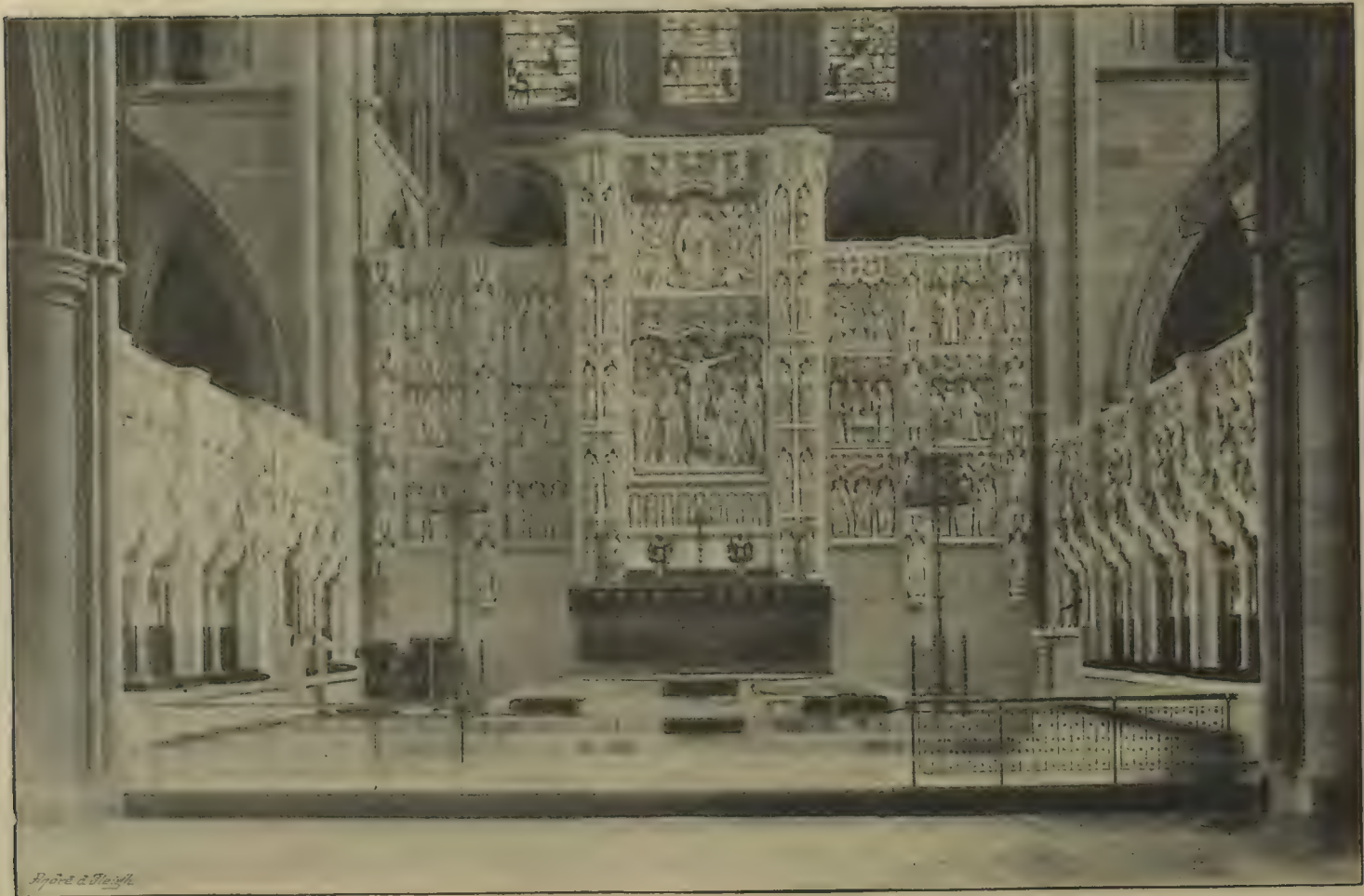


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TRURO CATHEDRAL: THE REREDOS.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, APPOINTED THE CATHEDRAL OF THE DIOCESE OF NEWCASTLE.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE REREDOS



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF THE DIOCESE OF LIVERPOOL.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.



RIPON MINSTER.

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ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.



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BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

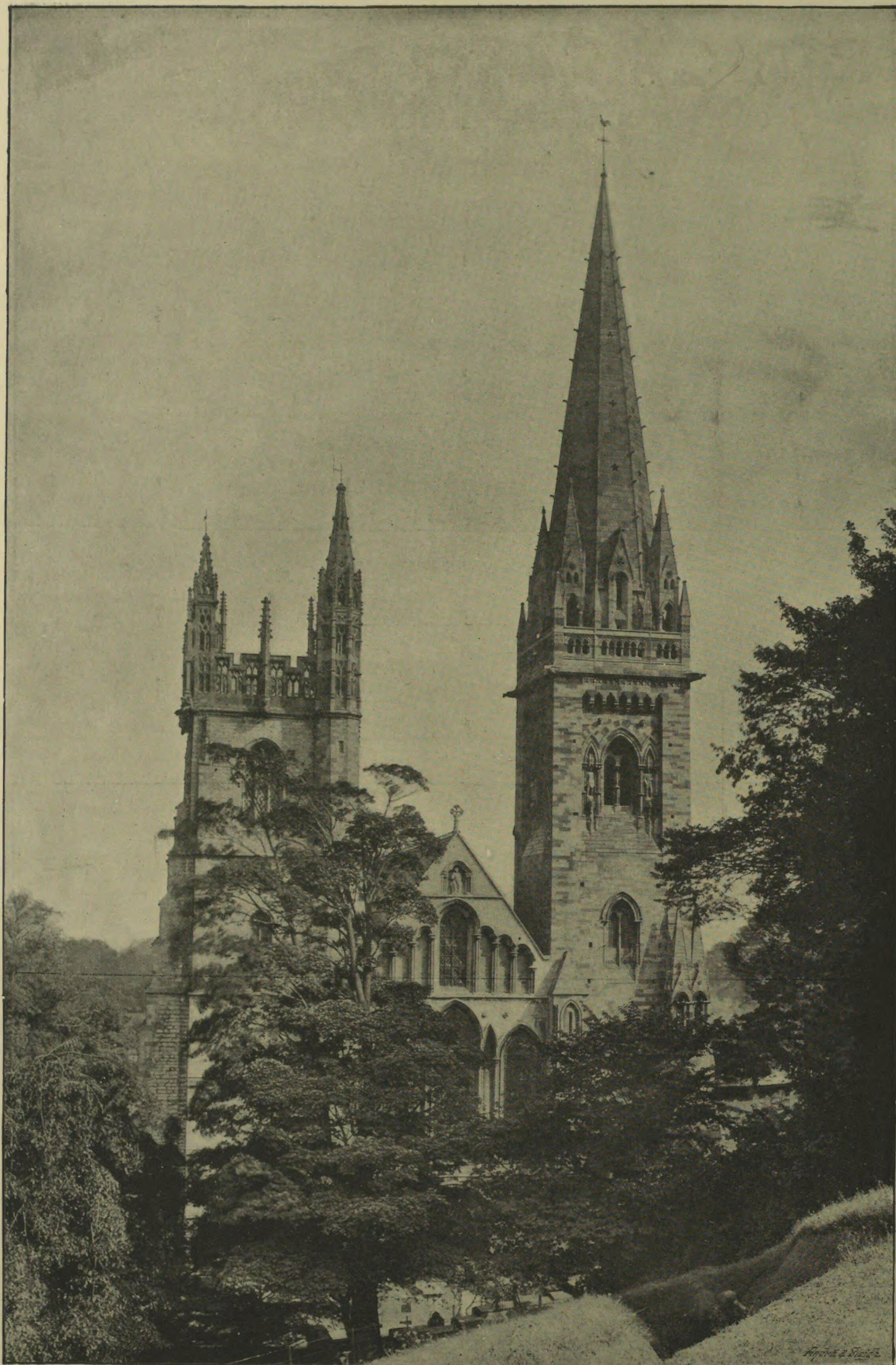


Photo by F. Frith and Co.

LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

THE FIVE SENSES.

THE COMBINED USE IN A PRACTICAL FORM MEANS COMMON SENSE,
or in other words

THE ACME OF THIS LIFE.

No Power is of any Value, save to him who can put it to a Good Use.

"WAR IN A CHRISTIAN LAND IS A LIVING LIE."—*Times*.

WAR.

"O World!

O Men! What are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate."

Byron.

RUSSIA and ENGLAND.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES in Russia
HAS bridged over difficulties between
TWO Great Asiatic Powers, while
TONS weight of official correspondence
WOULD not have sufficed to
RAISE a mere plankway."

WHAT is more terrible than war?

OUTRAGED NATURE.

She kills, and kills, and is never tired
Of killing till she has taught man
The terrible lesson he is slow to learn—
That Nature is only conquered
By obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce
When she is offended, as she is
Bounteous and kind when she is obeyed.
Oh! would to God that some man
Had the pictorial eloquence
To put before the mothers of England
The mass of preventible suffering



Which exists in England
Year after year! (Kingsley.)
How much longer must the causes
Of the startling array of
Preventible deaths continue unchecked?
WHAT higher aim can man attain
THAN conquest over human pain?
FOR the PREVENTION of DISEASE by
natural means use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

TO all LEAVING HOME for a CHANGE.
DON'T GO WITHOUT a BOTTLE of
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bed-room in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated Salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick (and impure), producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a serious illness.

THE FATE OF A NATION WILL ULTIMATELY DEPEND UPON THE STRENGTH
AND HEALTH OF THE POPULATION.—*Beaconsfield*.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL SKOBELEFF!!

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is ONLY possible by the

AID OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

"We ought to be friends. . . . Why should two European Powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? **WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT.**"—*The Russian Advance towards India*.—C. MARVIN, page 88.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my 'vade mecum.' Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take
No waste of this Elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

PHENOMENAL HEALTH IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—"Cavendish Square, W., Oct. 26, 1894.—Dear Sir,—I have recently returned from eastern Equatorial Africa, where I lived for upwards of twelve years. I enjoyed phenomenal health, and, in my opinion, it was undoubtedly owing to the daily use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' the beneficial qualities of which I had previously found in England. I have no hesitation in saying that my life was preserved by it. On my way home I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, the sea was rough, and the ship's medical attendant was (as that officer usually is) prostrate with 'mal de mer,' and unable to attend to anyone. The fever gained and gained on me, but after a few doses of 'FRUIT SALT' I at last fell into a refreshing sleep, and found on awakening that the intense thirst had gone, and long before I had arrived at Aden was as well as I had ever been in my life.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ANGLO-AFRICAN."

THE VALUE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" CANNOT BE TOLD. ITS SUCCESS IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND AUSTRALIA PROVES IT.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

LIPTON'S TEAS ARE THE BEST

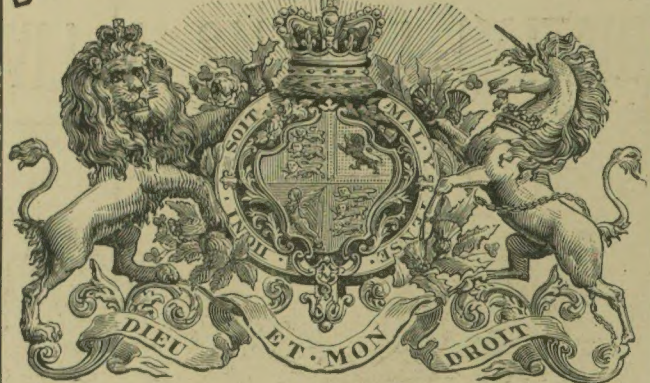
And Have the Largest Sale in the World.

LIPTON CONTROLS THE
LIPTON TEA MARKET.

LIPTON Has paid in Duty for his week's
LIPTON clearance of Tea the largest
LIPTON cheque ever received by Her
LIPTON Majesty's Customs, London, viz.,
LIPTON £35,365 9s. 2d.

LIPTON This represents over one-half
LIPTON of the average weekly payments
LIPTON for duty paid by the entire Tea
LIPTON Trade on the whole of the Tea
LIPTON imported into Great Britain.

TEA MERCHANT
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT



TO HER MAJESTY,
THE QUEEN.

LIPTON'S TEAS gained the
HIGHEST and ONLY AWARD
in the BRITISH SECTION at the
WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

NOTE THE PRICES.

THE FINEST TEA
THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE
per 1/7 lb.

RICH, PURE, & FRAGRANT
per 1/- & 1/4 lb.

Also packed in 5, 7, and 10 lb. Patent
Fancy Air-tight Canisters, and Delivered,
Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to
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Orders by Post may be addressed to the
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LIPTON, TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER, CEYLON.
The LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, & PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, Gigranella, and Karandagalla, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, Calcutta. Tea and Coffee Salerooms: Mincing Lane, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale Tea Blending and Duty Paid Stores: Bath Street and Cayton Street, LONDON, E.C. Bonded and Export Stores: Peerless Street, LONDON, E.C. Coffee Roasting, Blending Stores, and Essence Manufacture: Old Street, LONDON, E.C. Wholesale and Export Provision Warehouses: Nelson Place, LONDON, E.C.; Fruit Preserve Factory: Spa Road, Bermondsey, LONDON, S.E. General Offices: Bath Street, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

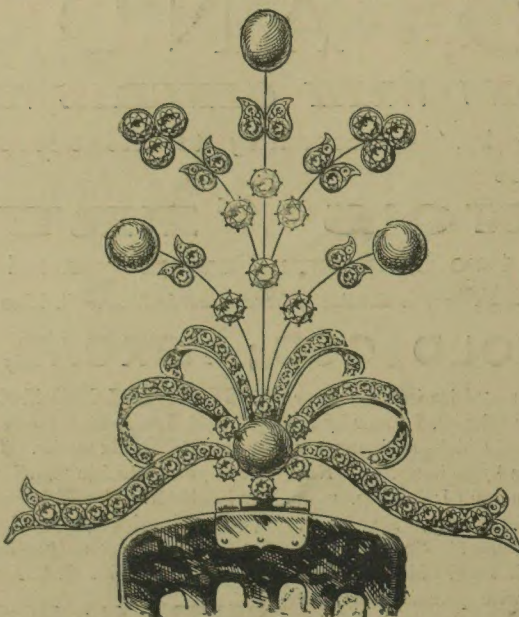
AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS OF LIPTON'S TEA SOLD WEEKLY IN GREAT BRITAIN ALONE.



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and a variety of Novelties
in Tortoiseshell and
Silver,
&c., &c.

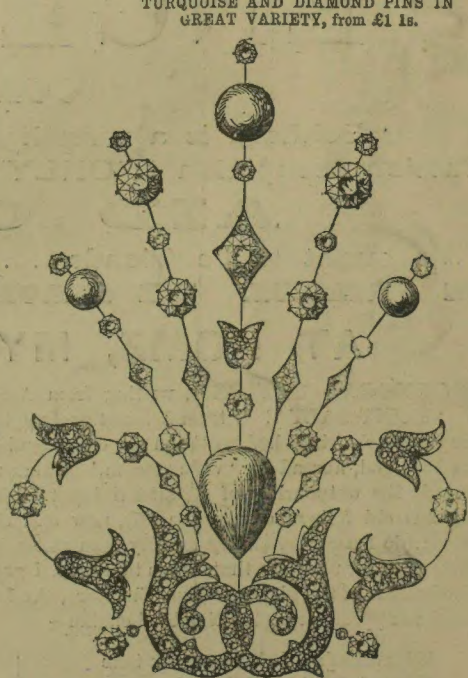


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STREETER'S CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES FREE ON APPLICATION.



GOLF MODELS
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